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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



A LADY'S THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A REPTILE—MRS. THOMAS SWANN, IN COMPANY WITH A FEMALE FRIEND, ATTACKED AND SEVERELY INJURED BY A LARGE WHIP-SNAKE, NEAR CONYERS, GA.—SEE PAGE 2.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

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CAUTION.

We desire to notify the public that the GAZETTE has undergone a radical change in artistic and literary standing and in moral tone. It is, as now conducted, simply an illustrated record of current events, nothing of an improper character or inconsistent with the sphere of legitimate illustrated journalism being allowed in its columns. It has no connection whatever with any imitations closely copying its title for the purpose of profiting by its advertising and reputation. The GAZETTE frequently suffers, in various ways, from this confusion of titles and we desire to warn the public in the matter. ASK FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK; see that the title, of publication place and name of the publisher are plainly set forth.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

2, 4, & 6 Reade street, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

J. C. S., Dubuque, Ia.—See item in another column.

G. L. C., Long Hope, Neb.—Have already published it.

E. F., Lafayette, Ind.—The thing is as old as the hills. Where did you resurrect it?

SHERIFF HARRIS, Barnstable, Mass.—Portrait appears; thanks for courtesies. Further by mail.

M. J. C., Louisville, Ky.—Much obliged for the attention, but do not regard it as a matter of more than local interest.

STELLA, Covington, Ky.—Do not use poetry at all. Try us with a live article of prose and we shall be glad to hear from you.

MARY McF., Davenport, Ia.—Well, what do you wish us to do about it? You don't indicate your wishes or your ideas on the subject.

S. J., Louisville, Ky.—We have a correspondent in your city, but if you can send us anything desirable in the way of portraits or sketches, why do so.

CORRESPONDENT, Steelmanville, N. J.—Much obliged, but don't see that the matter possesses any interest for any one outside of Steelmanville.

J. A. P., Boise City, Idaho.—You need have no apprehension of our publishing anything of a personal character without sufficient voucher for its truthfulness.

H. L. W., Sugar Notch, Pa.—If you will look in the preceding issue of the GAZETTE you will find the article you sent with the accompanying paper. The other matters were of local interest only.

J. C. G., Jacksonville, Fla.—Have not received it yet; will publish it if it arrives in season for the next issue, not unless. News two weeks old is no news and we profess to publish a newspaper.

W. C. S., Portland, Ind.—We didn't think anything at all about it. We only declined to publish an article of so personal a nature without having better proof of its accuracy than the mere say-so of an unknown correspondent. Can you blame us?

IAGO, Fort Scott, Kan.—Have illustrated it; why didn't you notify us earlier. Let us know how it takes, and send us local press accounts of the occurrence. Keep us posted in your section, and let your sketches for illustration be more detailed.

G. F., Shelbyville, Ind.—We publish them in this issue. Should have liked to have illustrated the affair but you sent us no data for it. The article accompanying, you will remember, was published in full last week. We therefore made merely a brief reference to it.

G. M. C., Cincinnati.—The attention is cordially appreciated, but don't you see that it is an affair of minor local importance, which only a personal interest in the parties would warrant putting into print, since to the vast majority of our readers the item would be a mere blank?

OCCIDENTAL, Denver.—Items sent hardly of sufficient general interest to give them a place in view of the crowded condition of our columns this week. Glad the article took so well. Did our best with it. Don't forget to keep us posted on matters worthy of note in your vicinity.

L. B. Philadelphia, Pa.—We received your communication but did not publish it because it was of such a personal nature and you sent us no voucher of its truth. Since then the thing has been published as a matter of court proceeding. Why did you not give us a transcript, which was certainly obtainable?

Mrs. M., Louisville, Ky.—The only one of the items we considered of sufficient general interest appeared with illustration in our issue of last week. The trouble in regard to correspondence in general is that it usually arrives just one week after we have obtained the same item through the regular news channels.

S. M., Savannah, Ga.—Send it if you can give us photographs of the parties. Otherwise we do not care to have it, as telegraphic account of the affair will reach us much before yours. Can you not send us a sketch of the occurrence? All we wish is a correct outline giving sufficient details of the locality for purpose of illustration.

ANOTHER FEATURE.

We shall shortly commence a series of graphic pictures of New York by gas-light in which we shall depict a multitude of varying and vivid phases of metropolitan life, sketched by the master hand of one of our most accomplished journalists the genius of whose pen will be instantly recognized by our readers in the city and appreciated by those without. Each sketch will be accompanied by an illustration which will accurately and completely present the subject to the attention of the reader and form with the article a life-like picture of New York such as has never before appeared in print.

ADVICE FROM ABROAD.

It is not a little singular that a danger most plain and pointed to the public of this great city should never have been held up to public attention until it appeared in the columns of a newspaper published in another city.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times gives a picture of a possible horror which should be republished in every paper in New York and should excite the immediate and earnest attention of its merits, as there is scarcely a citizen of New York but is deeply interested in its statements. After glancing at the possibility of an explosion on one of our overcrowded ferryboats, the writer goes on to point out the still greater danger of entrusting the cramped boats of the evening trips to a solitary pilot. Two thousand souls in the care of Providence and one mortal man! says the sagacious writer. Suppose the wheelman falls ill, asleep, dead, paralyzed. Such things happen daily, without a moment's warning. Why not in the case of a ferry pilot? He is absolutely alone in his roost on the roof; no one sees or speaks to him while on duty. In sunshine and on the darkest, stormiest night he stands and turns the wheel of fate, of life and death for two thousand human souls. He guides his heavy vessel through a moving labyrinth of craft, over the same track, hour by hour. Should he fall, should he lose his hold one single instant, think of the awful result, the fearful responsibility resting on these grossly negligent corporations. Is there no way to bring them to a sense of duty? Is there no way of providing the terribly needed second pair of hands to seize the work in time, if the pilot, who may, from some unforeseen cause, fall at his post of duty?

The remarks of the writer are too sententious and at the same time comprehensive of the question to be commented on and we reproduce them merely to call the attention of our metropolitan readers and the authorities to a subject which has been strangely overlooked and which in serious import we believe to deserve more earnest and universal notice than any that has been presented to this community in a long while.

LYNCH LAW.

Some of our contemporaries have lately indulged in regretful comments on a recent case of lynching in Virginia in which a negro brute who had perpetrated a most aggravated outrage upon an estimable white lady was the victim. The husband of the lady on learning of the unspeakable crime offered a reward for the arrest of the perpetrator, the neighborhood was aroused and a thousand sturdy men of the working community, goaded to the extreme of indignation by the offense which had taken a deeper dye by reason of its comparative frequency, enlisted themselves in behalf of the injured husband and soon ran the miscreant to earth. With the lack of ceremony for which the court of Judge Lynch is conspicuous a conviction and sentence speedily followed. A noose was adjusted upon the neck of the brutal rasher within thirty minutes after the passing of the sentence. Now, while we deprecate as much as any one can the taking of human life save in accordance with the law, we are nevertheless impelled to say that in such an instance as that under consideration the court of Judge Lynch is the fitting medium for passing upon the case. The only way to regulate society when the regular channels of justice fail to protect society is by the short, sharp and decisive methods obtainable by a summarily constituted court of society itself. In this case a trial or the semblance of a trial would simply be conferring dignity upon a crime which would be derogatory to the security of a community existing under conditions where such a crime is possible.

In such portions of the civilized world where law and order are regarded with a degree of sanctity such violent means of redressing offenses are looked upon with horror because the necessity for such redress is not felt, but under such a state of society as admits of the possibility of their occurrence, we maintain that it is the only proper method of dealing with such exceptionally shocking outrages.

CHRISTIAN FRATERNITY.

Rev. Dr. Boyd, of the St. Louis Baptist Church, recently preached that all men will ultimately be saved; that sects are ordained of God and really needful to the varied views of mankind. That was bad enough, but, worse than this, he preached that a Jew may be saved without believing in Jesus;

that close communion is only an inference drawn from one passage in the Scriptures; that baptism is not a pre-requisite to communion, but simply an orderly precedent to give a decent conformity to the ordinances of the church, and, finally, that a man has a right to describe his God to himself according to his needs, and to go to Him in any manner he chooses. It is scarcely necessary to say that Dr. Boyd has been expelled by the Baptist Association. No such liberal sentiments as these could be allowed to be promulgated by any religious organization, under whatever name. If it could what would be the use of any religious organization at all? To tolerate anything like liberality would be to destroy organized Christianity, which can only exist upon the destruction of religious freedom. Were it otherwise there would be an end of the profitable system of organized priesthood by whatever name called. Besides this it would take away half of the satisfaction of the true believer in the system for which he makes more or less sacrifice, pecuniary and otherwise. To be saved himself and have nobody damned would be to defraud him of half his money. Lazarus without Dives would be an incomplete picture. To be saved without the spectacle of seeing the wicked damned to add to the satisfaction of being saved would be altogether so unsatisfactory that it is doubtful if it would draw the average sinner to the received scheme of salvation.

ADIEU, CLUBBER WILLIAMS!

We trust this may be the last occasion we shall have to refer to Captain Williams in our columns except to chronicle his proper punishment under the laws he has so long defied, in the regular routine of criminal intelligence. We have, indeed, devoted far too much space to him already, in proportion to his insignificance as a mere petty official, but the remarkable manner in which he has been thrust into prominence through his insolent brutality has compelled us, as has been the case with our contemporaries generally, to give him this undue notice, and his pre-eminence in the license of the club which has distinguished New York and been more or less feebly imitated in other cities has given him a national celebrity which we regarded as justifying us in chronicling his ruffianly doings at such length.

When this latest instance of his brutal disregard of personal rights was recorded he remarked with characteristic insolence that it would be time enough for him to concern himself about the matter when charges were brought against him. Now he stands in the position of having been indicted by the grand jury for a penitentiary offense, as well as being arraigned as an ordinary culprit before the Police Board and as the defendant in a damage action for \$10,000. Probably he will find trouble enough in the combination before he is out of it.

A Female Fight in Church.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

FORT SCOTT, Kan., Oct. 25.—A very pretty and commodious church, situated about five miles from this place, was the scene of quite a remarkable affair last Sunday. The church was densely crowded, it being the occasion of a grand Sunday school convention, all the Sunday schools in the township participating. Mrs. Harshbarger and her husband were present from Clayton, a small railroad station in the vicinity. Miss Pettibone was also present from Deerfield, another station on the same road.

Now the Harshbarger female was lean, angular and ugly, cross-grained, sour and a perfect Tartar. On the other hand, the Pettibone was "a maiden fair to see," plump, witty and vivacious, and also traditionally gritty. Her comely appearance and stylish "get up" had long been an aggravation to Mrs. Harshbarger, who had on several occasions broadly intimated that Miss Pettibone was "no better than she should be," while Miss Pettibone would retort by informing her friends that Mr. Harshbarger was not the only man who basked in the warm sunlight of Mrs. Harshbarger's favors.

Thus matters had progressed up to the Sunday evening in question, when these two hostile beauties met at Bethel Church. They happened to be seated across the aisle and opposite each other, and it soon became evident to all who were posted that the climax was fast approaching. At first they began glaring at each other with all the fiendish intensity of two beligerent Thomas cats. Mrs. Harshbarger opened the ball by telling Miss Pettibone to keep her "devilish old cat eyes" to herself, whereupon Miss "Petti" flatly intimated that Mrs. Harshbarger was an ancient, attenuated and condemned female dog, and she could lick her quicker'n a cat could wink her eye. Then came round after round of profanity and vulgarity, in which the word prostitute was rung through all the changes.

It was deemed advisable by Mr. Harshbarger that there should be a cessation of hostilities, but the assembled multitude were bent upon seeing a fight, and poor Harshbarger came near being roughly handled for his untimely suggestion. Miss Pettibone then made a dive for Mrs. Harshbarger, and after a momentary struggle succeeded in bringing away the headgear and a large quantity of hair, and, being minus hat, hair, fachu and ruche, the contest now became animated, and "Petti" sailed in again, determined to completely denude her antagonist or die in the attempt, and "Harshie" was just as determined that "Petti" should not get the best of the process. This round was prolonged to an uncomfortable degree and was fought with vigor, and when finally Mrs.

Harshbarger drew off the contestants had the appearance of a pair of prize-fighters. Nothing remained in the way of clothing but shoes, stockings, underskirt, and possibly a pair of drawers each. Beside this, they were beautifully ornamented with scratches and bites, and were quite bloody. The fight lasted about ten minutes, and had the effect of completely breaking up the convention, as it occurred from beginning to end in the church, and although it was suggested that they be removed, the majority favored having the fight out right where it had begun.

Mr. Rimby, who is a leading church member and Sunday school man, went to Nevada, the county seat, and filed complaints, upon which warrants were issued. The sheriff of Vernon county came down on Tuesday and arrested both parties, when they were taken to Nevada, and after a preliminary hearing were both bound over to appear at the next term of the district court, which meets next week. The parties obtained bail and returned home. The affair created an immense amount of excitement, as the parties are well connected and have heretofore borne a good reputation.

The Riddle Poisoning Case.

NORWICH, CONN., Oct. 29.—It has come to light to-day that Professor Johnson in his analysis of a portion of the stomach of the late Mrs. Riddle found not only traces of arsenic, but also bismuth, and the defense expect to show that the arsenic found was a component part of the medicines taken by Mrs. Riddle. Bismuth is said to frequently contain arsenic and was, it is alleged, administered to the sick woman by her physicians, one of whom, Dr. Bailey, refuses to be interviewed on the matter. The holding back of the information has done much toward prejudicing the public toward Mr. Riddle. In the preliminary trial next week the defense will learn the course to be taken by the State and will accordingly reap the benefit of this information. State Attorney Waller has said the case could not be reached in the Superior Court before late in the winter.

Mr. Riddle's present wife is allowed to visit him during the day. She is much affected over her husband's arrest, and refuses to believe he is guilty. An interview between them took place to-day, when Mrs. Riddle fell into the accused man's arms and sobbed bitterly. He endeavored to soothe her and wiped away her tears with his handkerchief, but not a muscle of his face stirred. He does not show any feeling over the affair, and talks freely with the officers who have him in charge. Speaking of his son, yesterday he said: "There are but few better children in Norwich to-day than Will." The young man is assiduous in his attention to his father.

A Lady's Thrilling Adventure.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Thomas Swann and Mrs. Lothrop Stanley, two ladies living near the line of Rockdale and Henry counties, in Georgia, while out gathering the fruit known as muscadines, a few days since, were suddenly attacked by a large specimen of the serpent known as the whip-snake. From the start the snake seemed to have singled out Mrs. Swann as the object of his attack, although her companion even offered it battle in defense of her friend. Flying swiftly at her, in the manner peculiar to that species of snake, it adroitly circled around one of her legs and then attempted to lash her with its tail, a mode of attack in which it displays wonderful dexterity. So tight was its embrace, indeed, that it left a deep red mark upon her limb, under which the blood was forced almost to the surface through the force of the pressure. Finally Mrs. Swann shook off the reptile and ran, but the snake was game to the last, and pursued her for a considerable distance in the heat of its pertinacious hostility.

The Modern Abraham.

[With Portrait.]

We give on another page a correct likeness of Charles F. Freeman, the would-be Abraham of our century, who, inspired by the fanatical doctrines of the so-called Adventists, butchered his little girl in the presence of his wife, whom he had called to witness the pretended "sacrifice," in Pocasset, Mass. A full account of the sickening tragedy with illustration, was given in the GAZETTE at the time. Freeman has recently been indicted for his crime, and the probability is that an unsympathetic jury will decree him guilty of murder.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Decidedly one of the handsomest ladies on the burlesque stage to-day is Miss Ida Yearance, whose portrait is given on another page of this issue. We have alluded to her several times recently in our theatrical gossip as a woman who does something besides "looking pretty" on the stage. Miss Yearance, in addition to this is one of the most promising figures in the line of burlesque art, a school that has graduated some excellent pupils, and we shall be disappointed if she is not yet reputedly heard from in a higher grade.

An Elopement Extraordinary.

[With Portraits.]

Our last issue contained an account of an extraordinary elopement in which, reversing the rule, as we remarked, a church member, one Edward Hattan, had eloped with Mrs. McKay, the wife of his pastor. We present on another page, this week, correct portraits of the guilty parties in this decidedly novel and remarkable elopement affair. They are still missing, and the publication of their portraits may aid the pastor in tracing his truant spouse, which strange to say, he is still desirous of doing.

Frank Mayo, the actor, was robbed of all his money and valuables in an Erie sleeping car near Elmira, N. Y., on the 28th. He had to leave the cars to get money to carry him through, as his and his wife's tickets were also stolen. He lost about \$500.

A CADGER'S CRIME.

Curious Story of an Actress Who Was Pursued By a Child-Stealer on an Apparently Purposeless Errand.

HER VISIBLE MOTIVE.

The Gratification of a Suddenly Felt Emotion of Maternity Acting Under a Strong Impulse.

A GLAD RECOVERY.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27.—Mrs. Charles Davenport, known upon the stage and in the circus arena as Ada Isaacs, has recovered her child. Mrs. Davenport is a modest-appearing, lady-like woman, apparently thirty years old, with light, auburn hair, large, sad blue eyes, and her good-looking face shows traces of care and suffering. She is stopping at a theatrical boarding-house on Race street, and the story which she tells equals in painful interest anything that the most skillful novelist could construct. It is in substance as told below, and her manner of telling it is convincing evidence of its truth, were any evidence needed beyond a sight of the little baby which for months she mourned as dead and which was yesterday placed in her arms.

ALIVE AND WELL.

Twelve weeks ago—that is to say, in July last—very wee—twins, a boy and a girl, were born to Mrs. Davenport in a boarding-house in New York. A few weeks before that Mr. Davenport, an acrobat playing with Forepaugh's circus, then in Michigan, while performing the dangerous feat of turning a double somersault over five elephants, fell and broke his leg in two places. Thus disabled their scanty savings were soon exhausted, and when the time of Mrs. Davenport's ordeal came she was too poor to pay for the services of a physician, and was only able to procure the aid of a midwife by parting with her finger rings. The midwife also acted as nurse, in which capacity she was assisted by her daughter, a girl about eighteen years old. The room in which Mrs. Davenport lay was

SMALL AND CONFINED.

The weather was hot, and the spirit-lamp, over which her tea and porridge were heated, made it hotter. The babies, which were puny little things—so small that a cigar-box would make either of them a cradle—suffered and pined. The midwife, who appeared a kind, motherly soul, proposed that she should take them to her room, where they would be more comfortable, and the mother, not able to nurse her little ones, consented. On the morning that the twins were twelve days old the midwife came in, gave the mother a cup of tea, tried to cheer her up, cautioned her that a trial was in store for her, and told her that the little girl had died during the night, and proposed that, as Mrs. Davenport was out of money, she (the midwife) should take the little body to the Sisters of Charity, who would see it decently buried. Mrs. Davenport agreed to this, and when she was able to travel she took her little boy in her arms and went to Cincinnati, where her husband's parents live and where he was

NURSING HIS BROKEN LEG.

The little boy did not thrive, but gradually pined away, and died on the 3rd of August. Mrs. Davenport then secured an engagement at the theatre in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where she remained until a few days ago, when she received a letter from the lady in whose house she was confined in New York, saying that the midwife had confessed to her that Mrs. Davenport's little girl was not dead, but had been stolen by the midwife's wayward daughter, and was now alive and well and in the care of a poor family living at 116 Division street, in this city.

When Mrs. Davenport received this letter she was so overcome by conflicting emotions—joy that her child was alive, rage at the abductors, and a mother's yearning to see her little one—that she swooned and was hardly able to appear at the theatre that evening. She broke her engagement at once and started for this city, reaching here three days ago. Then began a weary search for 116 Division street, or some clew by which to trace her lost infant. As the same search had been made by the most skillful and persistent reporters attached to the various papers of the city without accomplishing anything, it is needless to say that the poor woman was as far from her object after a forty-eight hours' tramp

AS SHE WAS WHEN SHE BEGAN.

Then, as a last resort, she telegraphed to the lady in New York who had written her the letter, asking for further information and if a mistake had not been made in the number of the street. The result was that the midwife arrived in this city yesterday, bringing the baby with her. The story, whether true or false, which she told Mrs. Davenport, with many tears, prayers for mercy and protestations of her personal innocence, was to the effect that her daughter, who was a bad girl, the associate of depraved women, had for a friend a woman who had led a dissolute life but had married a respectable man. This woman was childless and unhappy with her husband. She wanted a child, and offered the girl fifty dollars to steal Mrs. Davenport's little girl. To earn this bribe the girl prevailed upon her mother, who loved her in spite of her wickedness, and over whom she had great influence, to aid her in the scheme. But after the child was stolen and the lies about its death and burial told, the husband of the woman who had offered the bribe refused to let his wife keep the child, and it was thrown back on the hands of

THE MIDWIFE AND HER DAUGHTER.

The child bears evidence of having been well cared for, but it became too great a burden, and they concluded to confess and surrender the child. But even

then they could not bring themselves to tell the whole truth, but said the child was in this city, when in fact it had never been here. Mrs. Davenport was so overjoyed to get back her little one yesterday that she yielded to the woman's entreaties for mercy and promised not to prosecute or expose her. She resolutely refused to tell the midwife's name, saying that all she wanted was her child, and as they had taken good care of it she had promised not to expose them, and she would not break her promise. This is the only weak point in Mrs. Davenport's story. It seems almost incredible that a mother who had for three months been robbed of her child could be so lenient. On the other hand, her manner is apparently frank and candid. She shrinks from publicity in the matter, and it was with difficulty that she was induced to talk, saying that she was afraid it would injure her professional prospects. That she has got her baby back is certain, for the writer saw it last evening. It is a little bit of a thing—not much bigger than the celebrated Pincus baby, which was so small that it made a big show—but it is healthy and bright and pretty. When asked how she knew it was her baby, Mrs. Davenport replied: "I know it in a thousand ways—it looks exactly like its father."

BUCCANEERS OF THE BAY.

Daring Exploit of Masked Men on Board of a Vessel in the Port of New York.

[Subject of Illustration.]

About 1 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd eight masked river thieves boarded the schooner Annie Palmer, lying in the bay off Red Hook Point. They burst open the door between the companionway and cabin, in which the captain, mate and steward were sleeping. The noise awakened the mate, John Newman. He arose hurriedly, and seizing a revolver immediately fired two shots in the direction of the advancing pirates. The second shot was followed by the exclamation:

"Oh, God! I'm shot. I'm done for!"

The comrades of the wounded man rushed into the cabin and began to beat the mate on the head with the butts of their revolvers, at the same time swearing that they would kill him. He was beaten into insensibility, and kicked into a corner, where he lay for several minutes.

IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

The captain, Allen Lewis, tried to use his revolver, but without success. Three of the pirates pointed their revolvers at his head and commanded him to keep quiet. Said one of the gang: "If you open your mouth we'll blow the top of your head off."

Two of the pirates held the steward in check also, while the remainder ransacked the cabin. In the fore-cabin three of the crew were sleeping, and they too were overpowered. Among the plunder secured by the desperadoes were an overcoat valued at \$60; shirts, socks, towels and underwear valued at \$30; a gold watch, No. 29,033, Paul Herin maker, valued at \$100; a gold chain, \$13 in money and the mate's and captain's revolvers.

After the pirates had searched the schooner they warned their victims that if any outcry was made when they left, they would return and

MURDER EVERY ONE ON BOARD.

They left the cabin and fastened the door after them; then battened the hatches down, and entering their boat rowed away swiftly in the darkness. This was the report sent to Police Headquarters.

On the night of the same day the captain and mate called at the Eleventh Precinct station house and told the sergeant in charge that they had reported the robbery of the schooner to the First Precinct station house in this city. They next visited Police Headquarters, in Mulberry street. The mate complained of the wounds on his head, on which were no less than eight deep cuts. He was told that he had better go to the Long Island Hospital, but before he left for that place said: "I was lying in my bunk when I heard a noise of some one fooling about the outside of the cabin door. I got up and grabbed my revolver, and then I heard footsteps. A minute after the door was burst in, and a big fellow, the size of a giant, fell upon the floor. I fired two shots at him, and I think I hit him, for he yelled:

"OH, GOD I'M SHOT."

The next thing I knew I was getting a beating over the head with the butt end of four or five revolvers. There must have been at least eight in the gang, perhaps twelve, their faces covered with different colored masks. When they got the captain and myself overpowered, some of them went to the fore-cabin and fastened the men in. The steward scrambled out of the window and got in the fore-cabin when the gang came in. I don't know whether I hit the man I fired at or not." The captain said that as he was about to get out of his bunk with his revolver he was told to lie down or he would be killed. In his opinion the pirates were on the schooner for at least an hour. The men on the schooner say that they cannot give any other description of the pirates than that they were big men and masked. After the pirates had been gone about fifteen minutes the mate looked out of the cabin and saw them rowing away.

A Youthful Embezzler.

[With Portrait.]

Allen Phlumerfelt, whose portrait we give on another page, is wanted for embezzlement in Hamilton, Canada, where he defrauded Harrison, Storey & Co., one of the largest wholesale firms in Canada, out of about \$3,000. The firm deals extensively in dry-goods, woollens &c., and young Phlumerfelt was in their employ, having a fine position in the office, a position of trust. He comes of a respectable family, on whose account the affair has been kept from the press. Wood's Detective Agency of Chicago, who have also a branch office in Canada, have run upon his track. The detectives have located him somewhere out west. Wood's Detective Agency offer a reward of \$1,000 for his capture. He is traveling under the name of Harry May.

RUTHLESS RAIDERS.

Decent of a Gang of Midnight Marauders Upon a Peaceful Jersey Homestead.

One of the most romantic and picturesque regions in New Jersey is the Great Notch, a serpentine valley that divides the ridge of the Orange Mountains about midway between Paterson and Montclair. On a lonely part of the valley road, three-quarters of a mile from the Great Notch depot of the New York and Greenwood Lake railway, is the old homestead of Mr. Henry F. Piaget of 36 Maiden lane, who has been a watch dealer and importer in this city for over fifty years. Mr. Piaget lives in the original homestead, a one and a half story unheated stone house, and his son, Philip T. Piaget, who is a market gardener, lives with his family in the neat two-story frame addition to the old house. Philip goes to Newark every Friday evening with a load of produce, and does not return until the next day. His family, however, have felt no alarm in his absence, as few tramps have been seen in that part of the valley. On Friday afternoon, the 24th, Philip Piaget drove to Newark with a load of produce. A few minutes after he quit the house Mrs. Aggie Fisher, a neighbor, called upon his wife and said she was going to visit her sister's and her father-in-law's in Sixty-ninth street, in this city, and that she was afraid to leave her jewelry, silver, and other valuables in her own house.

DURING HER ABSENCE.

She had therefore locked those articles in a satchel. At her request Mrs. Piaget took the satchel. Mrs. Fisher then came to this city, being satisfied that her jewelry was in safe hands.

In the evening Mr. Henry Piaget, who is seventy-five years of age, arrived home from his business in this city, and after chatting a while with his son's family went to his own apartments. At 11 o'clock Mrs. Piaget and her children retired to their sleeping rooms in the second story. Mrs. Philip Piaget and niece, Miss Lawrence, eighteen years of age, whose home is in Nova Scotia, occupied a room over the parlor, and Mrs. Piaget's infant child was with them. Alice Piaget, a girl of ten years, slept in an adjoining room. Her brother Philip, twelve years of age, and his cousin, Frank Piaget, who lives in Paterson, were in a room that opened from her room. John Elias and Simeon Hunter, two stout farm hands, occupied a room nearly opposite the other rooms, and separated from them by a narrow hall. Mr. Henry F. Piaget and his wife slept in the first story of their part of the house, but all the apartments are connected by the hall in the centre of the house. Mrs. Philip Piaget carefully fastened every window and bolted the doors before she retired for the night, although she did not dream that she would be

DISBURSED BY BURGLARS.

She was more than usually careful because of the jewelry that had been left with her by Mrs. Fisher.

At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 25th Mrs. Philip Piaget, who had not slept well, suddenly awoke. She heard a slight noise in the room. In a minute she was startled by the appearance of a man in the door between her bedroom and the room in which her daughter was sleeping. She said:

"What's the matter? Who's there?"

"The man, who had taken off his boots, walked quickly to her bedside and pointed a shining pistol at her. She sprang up and attempted to scream, but the burglar warned her to be quiet.

"Don't speak one word," said he,

"OR YOU ARE A DEAD WOMAN."

Mrs. Piaget fell back on her pillow when the threat was made in a stern voice, but she looked straight at the burglar. He was, she said, about five feet eight inches tall, with a slender form, delicate white hands, and seemingly regular features. A red silk handkerchief concealed the lower part of his face and mouth. He wore a stiff black hat. He spoke in a low tone, and his voice was, Mrs. Piaget said, soft and musical. After she looked at the man a few minutes she said to him:

"Please don't hurt or frighten my children."

"It will be all right, lady," said the burglar, "if you lie still; but if you move or make a noise I will shoot you."

At this minute Miss Lawrence was awakened by the conversation at the bedside, but when she saw the man point the revolver at her head, she lay quiet and did not speak. She seized her aunt by the shoulder and held on tight; but according to Mrs. Piaget, she trembled so violently that the bed shook until the burglar laughed outright, but he did not remove the revolver from the threatening position. He said:

"Tell me where the money is, and

"WE'LL TAKE IT AND GO."

Mrs. Piaget replied that her husband never kept any money in the house; that he always put it in bank in Paterson as soon as he returned from the Newark market, and that she had no money of her own. The burglar said he knew better than that, and that he and his friends would search for themselves. He gave a signal and two men entered the room. Mrs. Piaget and her niece saw two more men standing at the head of the bed. The moonlight was shining into the windows and a kerosene oil lamp was lighted in the adjoining bedroom, so that the burglars were plainly visible. They were dressed in dark clothes and had alouched hats pulled over their eyes. Two of the men ransacked a bureau in one corner of the room, and two others searched a table in the centre of the room. The burglars sat on the side of the bed while they examined the bureau drawers. After taking everything out of the bureau and heaping it on a table in the adjoining bedroom, the burglars began to search for valuables in the heap of clothing they had secured. One of the men, a tall, burly fellow, wore a skull cap, and the others seemed to be afraid of him. He was very surly and ruffianly. He said to Mrs. Philip Piaget, when she involuntarily made an exclamation of pain as the men who were examining the bureau pressed heavily against her:

"Here, here, none of that you;

"KEEP STILL IF YOU WANT TO LIVE."

He shook his fist at her, and she nearly fainted from

fright. As they were taking her jewelry box from the bureau she summoned courage and said: "Please don't take that. It is all I have."

"I am sorry that we have to do it, lady," said the burglar, who sat on the side of the bed with his revolver levelled at the women, "but we can't help it. We've got to make something for our trouble to-night."

This man looked out of the window once, and went twice to the table where his companions were searching for the jewelry. But he kept the women covered with his pistol. When the men became too noisy he said, "That will do. Be quiet." They obeyed him instantly. One of the men began to tear clothing, and another said to him, "Don't destroy what we don't want." The man with the revolver, who appeared to be the leader of the gang, made them be careful with the clothing. Mrs. Philip Piaget began to feel faint when the burglars had been in the room about an hour, and she said in a pleading voice to the seeming leader, "Won't you please go, for I fear I am fainting."

The burglar ordered his companions to make haste. They gathered up what articles they had selected and went down-stairs. In a few minutes their leader followed, after saying,

"GOOD NIGHT, LADIES, WE COULD NOT HELP IT."

The burglars took away one gold and two silver watches, one gold and coral brooch, one lady's set of jewelry, gold and coral; one gold brooch, one set of jewelry, set with pearls; one gentleman's gold ring, with a stone setting that opened and contained a locket and a portrait of a lady; one baby's gold pin, three pairs of sleeve buttons, one set with pearls and the other enamelled, one set being round and the others oval; one small red leather pocket-book, containing a five-dollar gold piece; one little gold charm, one gold pencil case, one gold pen and case, four napkin rings bearing the names of "Emma," "May," and "Hattie," and the other unmarked; three silver thimbles, marked "Hattie," "Tina," and "Annie"; one silver thimble unmarked; one silver spoon; one sugar spoon; one salt spoon; one silver butter knife, marked "L"; three napkin rings, one unmarked, one bearing the name of "Alice," and the other "Philip."

Mrs. Fisher said that the satchel she left with Mrs. Piaget contained a diamond ring, valuable jewelry, rings that belonged to her husband and her only boy, both of whom are dead, and other mementoes that she prizes very highly. She could not, she said, replace them, and no money could have induced her to part with them.

The Doc Middleton Gang.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 25.—United States Marshal McLaren returned home yesterday from Omaha, to which place he had assisted Special Agent Llewellyn to escort the noted robbers Nolan and Johnson. Altogether the marshal declares the journey to have been an interesting one, due greatly to Nelson's communicativeness. He was very free to talk about his career, but when the point confessing guilt of any crime laid to his charge was reached he was discreetly silent. From the marshal's account Nolan is a man of parts, and has traits of character that both command respect and admiration. Nolan gave quite an extended account of his connection with the Doc Middleton gang of horse thieves; which sounds like a romance in the adventures related and the organization of the robber band. Middleton was a feudal lord, as it were, in the Niobrara country, and had the settlers of that region as his willing and admiring vassals, while he lived in camp surrounded by an armed and alert band of sixty-eight men, of which Nolan and Johnson were members. Middleton married in this section, and had all his wife's family to back him up, and through them all the settlers were won to his support. Nolan gives an account of Middleton's capture, brought about by Llewellyn, and with great disdain says it was treacherous. Nolan believes in a square, stand-up-revolver-roaring-fight, but the finesse of diplomacy he abhors. Llewellyn's part in the capture of Middleton was one requiring pluck and nerve of an extraordinary degree. He visited Middleton's camp, concealing a comrade in the woods near by, and remained with the gang for three or four days, finally decoying Middleton near the ambuscade of his comrades. Llewellyn gave the signal, and Middleton's horse was shot, but not before the horse-thief chieftain had seen the trap set for him, and had gotten the drop on the man in ambush to the extent of two shots, from which Llewellyn's companion suffers and is disabled to-day. In the melee Llewellyn expected to capture Middleton, but he escaped, but not before he received a terrible wound, and, while nursing it, was subsequently arrested. This coup de guerre is what Nolan despises.

During the trip through Minnesota at every station an immense crowd was in waiting, and crowded the cars to take a look at the outlaws. Without any particular incident, however, the escort and prisoners reached Omaha, and Nolan and Johnson were given into the custody of the United States Marshal of Nebraska and lodged in jail.

A Charivari Outrage.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Oct. 22.—A most disgraceful affair occurred last night at a private residence, where a wedding in high circles occurred. During the performance of the ceremony a gang of twenty-five or thirty youths surrounded the house provided with various sonorous implements and charivariated the couple. When requested to desist they replied in the most offensive language.

After the gang had grown tired of their demonstration and vacated the premises the mother of the bridegroom went out to shut the gate. While doing so a stone was hurled violently, striking her in the forehead and inflicting a dangerous wound. She was unconscious all night. The names of twenty of the boys have been secured, and they will be prosecuted to such an extent as to give a wholesome warning to those addicted to the abominable practice of charivari.



EDWARD HATTON, ELOPED WITH MRS. MCKAY, HIS PASTOR'S WIFE; GENEVA, IND.

A NEVADA DANCE.

A Glimpse of Some Exhilarating Social Customs of the Far West.

VIRGINIA, Nev., Oct. 20.—Charles Clarkson was tried yesterday afternoon for assaulting William Mitchell on Friday evening last. The parties reside in this city, but the trouble took place at a ball given on American Flat. Mitchell testified that he went down to American Flat last Friday evening to attend a ball given for the benefit of a poor widow. As a rule he did not care much for social dances, but he went to this one to assist the widow. While a quadrille set was forming on the floor he noticed that Clarkson, who had taken a position on the side, went across and whispered to a couple opposite him. He overheard enough to know that a conspiracy was forming between the two side couples to dance the first figure—a figure always danced in well-regulated ball-rooms by the head couples. He determined to assert his rights, and as soon as the music struck up and the order was given to "for'ard and back," he broke for the centre of the floor. All the dancers in his set did the same, and the result was that there was a

VIOLENT QUADRILATERAL COLLISION.

Clarkson suddenly hauled off and hit the witness in the eye. The fight then became general, and for the next ten minutes that famous society event known as "Lannigan's ball" wasn't a circumstance to the scene of confusion there enacted. During the row Mitchell received a black eye and a swelled nose from Clarkson's energetic fist.

Clarkson next took the stand, and swore that he and his girl were at the end of the set, and were not a side couple at all. He had been at a ball or so in his time, and knew something of the rules of dancing. According to the rules, the two head couples always danced as the cracks of the floor ran. He had started to dance as designated by the cracks, and knew he was right. He admitted that he had blacked the complainant's eye, but he made it a principle at a dance to hold his own against all comers. He would allow no man on earth to indulge in any

"FUMY BUDNEM" AT HIS EXPENSE.

Thomas Jenkins, who had furnished the music for the dance, was put on the stand. He said it was usual to dance lengthwise of the cracks, unless the hall was larger the other way.

The Court—I don't exactly understand you.

Witness—If the cracks run lengthwise of the hall, the head couple dance along the cracks, and if the hall is larger across the cracks, why they dance across 'em.

The Court—Suppose you have a square room, carpeted, and no cracks in sight, what do you do in that case?

The Witness—You dance toward the music.

The Court—Where was the music on this occasion?

The Witness—In the corner.

The Court—If the cracks run across the hall, and the hall was larger the other way, and the music was in the corner, how could you expect people to dance straight?

The witness was completely dumbfounded by this joint consolidated question. He made no reply, but stared helplessly about the room. He was finally dismissed. Several other witnesses testified as to how the cracks ran, some fancying that there were no cracks in the floor at all—at least

THEY DIDN'T NOTICE ANY.

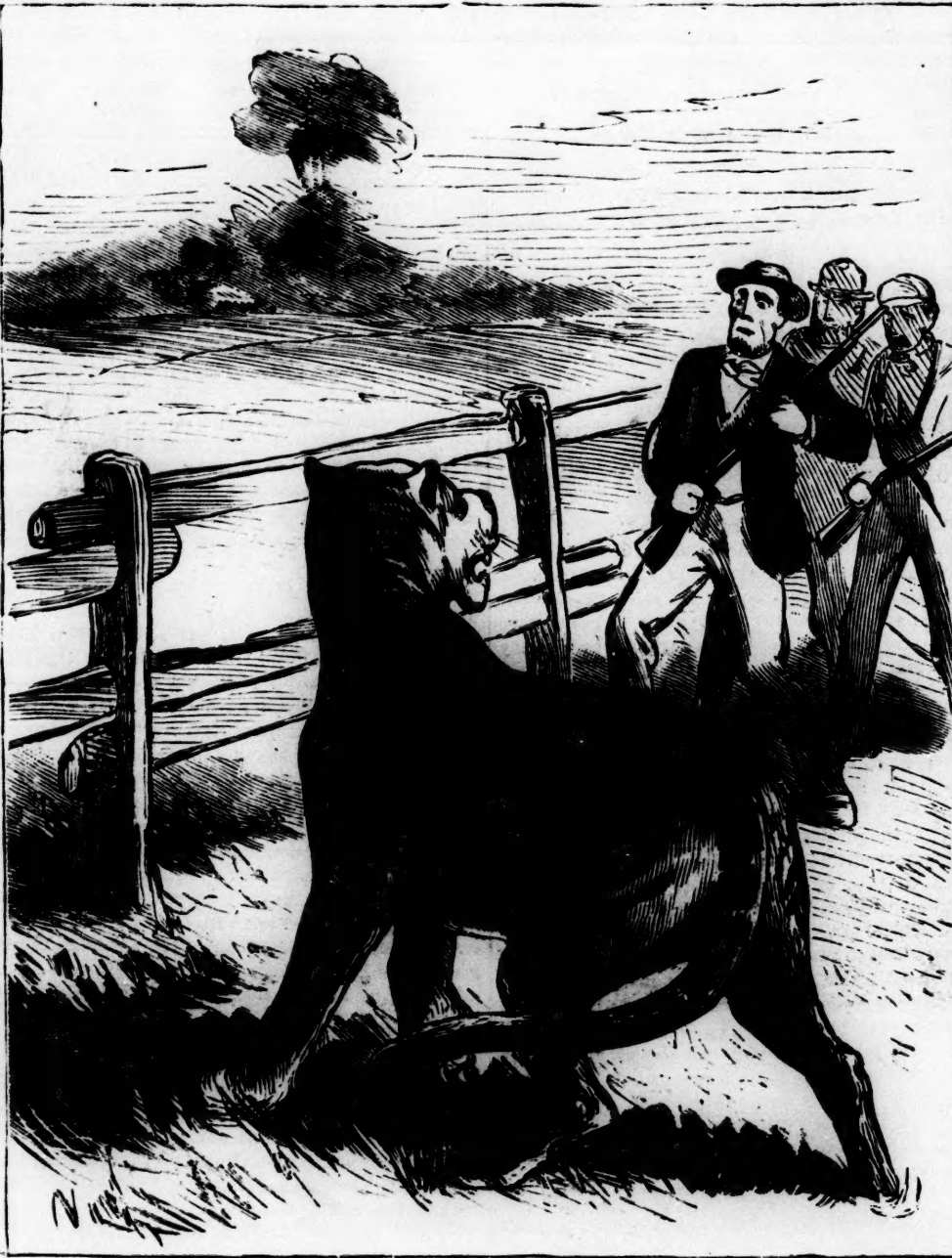
One witness was asked, "Did you notice any cracks?" He answered promptly:

pictures, all in confusion. Immediately after taking possession of the house, the woman was attacked by heart disease and gravel. She sent for Dr. Dessau of 74 West Fifty-fifth street, and he prescribed hydrate of chloral as one of the remedies. On Saturday morning Miss Cooper felt nervous, and in order to get relief she took a large dose of chloral, but it having no effect she took another large dose. That had so much effect that she became frightened and sent one of her servants to Dr. Bliss, 235 West Fifty-first street. He did all in his power to save the woman, but she died at about 10:30 p. m.

The career of the dead woman is well known to the police. About five years ago she kept under her own name, Nellie De Camp, a fashionable resort in the neighborhood of Twenty-seventh street and Fifth avenue. Captain Steers then in command of the Twenty-ninth precinct, took the opportunity afforded him by a fight which occurred in the house to give the



MRS. REV. MCKAY, ELOPED WITH ONE OF HER HUSBAND'S FLOCK; GENEVA, IND.



A TIGER HUNT IN PENNSYLVANIA—THE LIVELY FOREIGNER WHICH MESSRS. STATES AND HOFFMEYER ENCOUNTERED NEAR TORRESDALE, PA.—SEE PAGE 6.

"I got a crack on the head with a stove poker, and it ran north and south, as near as I can recollect."

This reply caused some merriment, but the constable was fully equal to the occasion.

John R. Brigg, who was at the ball, told his experience in this way:

"When the row opened up I was sashayed over to the centre of the room, and got a lift under the ear, and I let out my left at the man who hit me."

Justice Moses (jocosely)—A sort of alleyman-left movement—eh?

The Witness—Yes, your Honor. Then I got kicked in the stomach, and the women screamed and the lights went out. I got some fellow's head in chancery and hammered away at it as long as I could hold it.

The District Attorney—Didn't you know who it was?

The Witness—Hav'n't any idea. I was just trying to hold my chances level with the crowd.

The case then went to the jury, who returned a verdict of not guilty.

A Courtesan's Tragic Fate.

The police of the Forty-seventh street station were informed on Saturday night, 25th, that Ellen Cooper had died at 106 West Fifty-second street, from an over dose of hydrate of chloral. Captain Ward went to the house and recognized the body as that of a courtesan whom he had driven from 134 West Fifty-third street. About three weeks ago a man informed the captain that a house of assignation had been opened at the above number. Captain Ward immediately went to the house and told the mistress that if she was found in the house in two weeks he would arrest her. The woman was Ellen Cooper. She had before some rough trouble with the police, and not caring for any more, she hired the four-story and basement brown stone house at 106 West Fifty-second street, and on Tuesday last moved into it. The furniture is of the most costly description, and apparently made to order, as every piece bore the monogram, "H. M. D. C." worked into it. It had not yet been arranged, and the parlor and bed-room are now filled with the costliest pieces of furniture, carpets, ornolu work and

proprietary the alternative of being arrested or quitting the precinct. She then moved into Lexington avenue, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets. The neighbors complained, and Nellie De Camp, with all the inmates of her house, were arrested. She was tried in the Special Sessions and sent to the penitentiary for six months, but through the influence of a State Senator from the upper part of the city who was then a member of the lower house, she was pardoned by Governor Robinson. She then stated that she would leave the city and go to Boston. She did really quit the city in company with a son of an ex-mayor, under whose protection she visited Europe. On her return to this country, Nellie De Camp, who had assumed the name of Mrs. Ellen Cooper, moved into the house 134 West Fifty-third street, which, it is said, was furnished by her traveling companion. It is said that she left him for the protection of a well-known man who lives at the New York Hotel. He has instructed an undertaker to attend to her funeral.

She was, it is stated by a colored man in her employ, a hard drinker. Frequently she would drink a bottle of her best brandy in one forenoon. She kept a running account with a saloon keeper, who almost daily supplied six or eight quarts of lager beer for her own use. Mrs. De Camp was a native of Virginia, about thirty-five years old, and is said to have possessed considerable property.

Ruffianly Outrage on a Woman.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LEXINGTON, Neb., Oct. 21.—On Sunday night a gang of villains in disguise called at the residence of John Whipple, near Wilbur, took Mrs. Whipple from the house, stripped her stark naked and applied a coat of tar and feathers. The poor woman is almost dead from exposure and rough treatment. The only supposable cause is that she is a witness in a criminal prosecution to come off soon. One of the perpetrators of the outrage is believed to have been a woman in disguise.

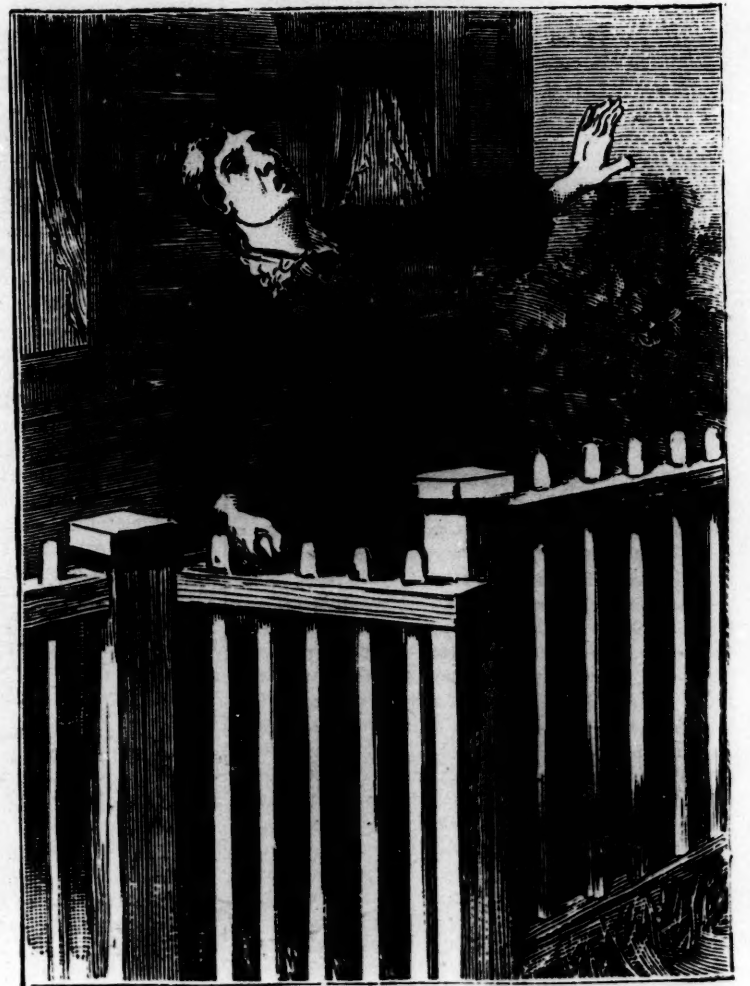
A Fatal Wrestling Match.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 25.—William Jackson and William Hickman, colored, river hands, had a friendly wrestle in a saloon this evening. Hickman threw Jackson, killing him instantly. Hickman was arrested.

George Sart, of Marshville, in Canajoharie, N. Y. was bucked by a ram on Tuesday afternoon, 21st, and so hurt that he died on the following Thursday night. He was aged about sixty-three years.



RUFFIANLY ASSAULT ON A WOMAN—MRS. WHIPPLE STRIPPED, TARRIED AND FEATHERED BY DISGUISED MISCREANTS, NEAR WILBUR, NEB.



A CHARIVARI OUTRAGE—DANGEROUS WOUNDING OF A LADY BY A PARTY OF UNWELCOME WEDDING GUESTS; SPRINGFIELD, MO.—SEE PAGE 3

Charged with the Murder of his Father.

DELAWARE, O., Oct. 23.—A probable case of parricide occurred at 6 o'clock this morning nine miles southwest of here, in Concord township, in which Smith Heriott, aged twenty-three years, fatally shot his father, George Heriott, in the outer corner of the left eye with a small-sized pistol, the wound ranging downward and back. The son was arrested, brought here this afternoon and confined in jail. He was very reticent upon the subject, and denied the charge of shooting his father, saying that the first intimation he had of the shooting was while in his room dressing he heard a pistol shot, and on proceeding into the barn-yard, where his father had gone to milk the cows, he saw him lying on the ground weltering in his own blood, with a wound in his head. Being carried into the house he remained conscious, and upon being questioned by neighbors, who soon congregated, as to who did it, he replied that Smith shot him. All sorts of rumors are afloat as to the cause, the general verdict being that it was the result of quarrels that have been progressing for the past six or eight months. The son charges his father with being intimate with a woman of no very enviable reputation, and has frequently charged him with it. Smith at one time left home for a few days, but returned, and things have kept going from bad to worse until this morning, when it is asserted, that the son followed the father into the barn-yard, some distance from the house. Whether they quarreled or not is not definitely known, but while sitting on a stool milking, the son deliberately drew a pistol and shot him, with the above result. A pistol was also found in the wounded man's pocket, which, however, carried a larger ball than the one with which he was shot, and dispels the idea advanced by some that he attempted suicide. The citizens in the locality of the tragedy are highly enraged over it, as they claim there is nothing in the report of Mr. Heriott's intimacy with a bad woman. Smith has always borne a good reputation among those who knew him best, and his strange conduct in this matter is by many believed to be the result of a weakening mind. A warrant was issued to-night charging him with shooting with intent to kill.

The Lost Aeronauts.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 25.—That Prof. John Wise and his daring companion, George Burr, the passenger in the missing balloon, the Pathfinder, met a terrible and violent death is now no longer a matter of doubt.

Both are dead, and the water of Lake Michigan yesterday gave up the ghastly secret which they have held for nearly a month. A fisherman walking along the beach near Miller's Station, a stopping point on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, thirty miles east of Chicago, found what is known to be the body of poor George Burr. It lay half covered with sand on the edge of the waters that had tossed it up, washed and lapped by the waves. To the fisherman it was a ghastly presence, but not, perhaps, an unusual one, for the great inland seas give up their horrid floaters as well as our own.

TURBID MISSISSIPPI.

He examined the body, and found it that of a man well-dressed and young. A gold cuff-button bore the letter "B" in bas relief. On the solid collar-button were found engraved the initials "G. B." The fine stockings had the letter "B" embroidered on each ankle. The fisherman made his way to the little town and reported his discovery. A party at once repaired to the spot. The body was drawn from the beach for the ceaseless lapping waves. It was at once surmised that the remains were those of George Burr. Where was his companion, Prof. Wise? Parties at once started to explore the shore, although twilight had set in, and carefully examined the beach for a distance of five miles both ways, but returned to report that no further discoveries had been made. The body was taken to Miller's Station, and the coroner called, who at once commenced an inquest over

BURR'S BODY.

Shortly after 10 o'clock last evening the following special telegram was received:

LA PORTE, IND., Oct. 24.—A body was found this afternoon at Miller's Station, Indiana, on the lake shore. It has not been identified as yet, but it is supposed to be that of Burr, the St. Louis balloonist, Wise's companion in his last voyage with the Pathfinder. His collar-button is marked "G. B." and cuff-buttons and socks marked "B." Thirty-nine dollars in money was found in his pocket. The beach has been searched four or five miles, but nothing else found.

Immediately upon receipt of this information a reporter took the telegram and drove swiftly out to the residence of Mr. William E. Burr, brother of the

missing teller, to confirm or disprove the identity of the body found.

Mr. Burr had retired for the night, but came down when he heard the reporter's mission. He carefully read the description in the telegram, and, without a word, went up-stairs for a few minutes. When he returned he said: "That is the body. The identification is sufficient. Do me the favor when you go back down town to telegraph in my name to Miller's Station to have the best care taken of the body, and say that I will send a messenger at once to convey the remains to St. Louis."

There was nothing more to be said by either. Mr. Burr sighed heavily. The long suspense was over. The worst was known. The reporter departed and left the brother of the young man, whose spirit of adventure had led him to death, alone with his sad thoughts.

Jeremiah Tracy, a blind man, of 41 Oak street, this city, quarreled with his wife on the evening of the 25th, and, drawing a pistol from his pocket, he fired in the direction of the sound of her voice. The woman was hit in her right wrist.



DRIVEN MAD BY HUNGER—A STRANGER YOUTH'S SUICIDAL FRENZY AFTER VAINLY SEEKING EMPLOYMENT: NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.

His Story and Her's.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., Oct. 24.—This place was to-day thrown into a fever of excitement by the beginning and ending of a suit for breach of promise. Both parties live here. Miss Electra Griffin, the lady, brought suit for \$10,000 against Hansome M. Avinger. The parties are highly connected. The strangest part of the affair is they are second-cousins. The plaintiff is a beautiful young lady of twenty-three, with a wealth of splendid black hair, and lustrous eyes of the same color. She told her story on the witness stand with a little boy in her arms, the fruit of too much intimacy with the defendant. Miss Griffin said that Avinger visited her very often, and finally gained her affections and she promised to marry him. Being lying in confidence on his promise to marry he induced her to surrender to him her virtue, and very soon after he abandoned her. In due time a bastard child was born. Avinger did not appear in court, being afraid to face the woman he had seduced. Judge Aldrich in charging the jury said the defendant does not come here to meet this proof. He does not face this ruined woman and say that the charges are not true. Ordinarily, in a criminal prosecution, the defendant is not bound to take the stand, and it does not mitigate against him; but in a civil suit for damages, where a woman accuses a man of ruining her, and he is conscious of his innocence, he ought to be man enough and brave enough to face her and say: "I did not—I am not the man." It is in proof that this man promised to come and see the plaintiff, assuring her at the same time of his intention to marry her after the seduction, and it is in proof that a clergyman was selected to perform the ceremony. This woman when she saw that her shame was to be made public, was anxious to cover her disgrace, and was ready and willing to be married to him. The jury returned a verdict of \$5,000 with costs for plaintiff, which will be a trifle to the seducer, who is rich. The worst part of the affair is that Avinger has been married since he seduced Miss Griffin.

Actor Bangs' Unbilled Act.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Oct. 24.—Another sensational theatrical episode occurred in this city last evening. A firm of amateur managers of theatricals, Mishler & Miller, brought a company here yesterday and produced the drama of "Dan T. Druce," F. C. Bangs assuming the leading role and Miss Josephine Bailey personating Dorothy Druce. It appears that in the afternoon Bangs went out from his room, which adjoined that of Miss Bailey, and with some friends imbibed somewhat freely. Upon returning to his quarters he found the door connecting his apartments with those of Miss Bailey locked, whereas the door was ajar when he left. Bangs, when he attempted to open the connecting door became enraged at its being closed and immediately became violent to a desperate degree, accusing Manager Miller of attempting to alienate Miss Bailey. Miller, a rather prepossessing, broad-shouldered gentleman, came out upon the hallway, whereat Bangs, who is a powerful man, seized him, and lifting him as though he were a child three times dashed him to the floor. The noise aroused the employees of the hotel, and the proprietor ordered that Bangs and Miller be ejected. Two of the porters went to the task, but the irate actor drove them both downstairs, and then paid his compliments to the terrified Miller again. Soon reinforcements arrived, headed by one Brown, an athletic colored man, but Bangs dispersed the entire crowd and "bounced" Brown incontinently down-stairs. The whole crowd sustained severe injuries, and when the actor was finally overcome his clothes were literally torn from his person. The heroine subsequently came to the pacification of Bangs with warm caresses instead of bullets.

More Alleged Conubial Poisoning.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 27.—A man named Jonas Lovelace, living near Cold Spring, in the northern part of this county, died about noon on Sunday. The coroner was notified by the neighbors this morning that the man had died from the effects of poison, as they believe, administered by his wife. A jury was accordingly called, and the stomach and brain of the deceased will be brought to this city to-morrow for chemical analysis. The testimony of the neighbors is that Lovelace sent for them yesterday and told them he was dying from the effects of poison given him by his wife; that she had administered it in a dose of whisky he had taken. The neighbors also affirm that deceased and his wife have not lived happily together, the husband being jealous of her. The inquest will be continued on November 10.

ROUGH ON THE REVEREND.

How an Illinois Shepherd in Pursuit of Practical Knowledge Fell Among the Wolves of the Metropolis

AND CAME TO GRIEF.

Caught on the Ten-spot, and, Though Not Shot on It, He Felt as If Would Like To Be.

THE FINANCIAL EXHIBIT.

Another victim of three-card-monte in New York is the clergyman of a prosperous Presbyterian Church in Rushville, Illinois. In the Tomba Court on the 28th he said he was Rev. James A. Page. At his side stood Officer Kavanagh, holding two fine red morocco pocketbooks and two \$5, one \$10 and one \$20 note. At the bar was arraigned Thomas Lynch and Henry McDermott, charged with taking from the reverend gentleman \$40 by trick and device. The two prisoners were respectfully dressed. Rev. Mr. Page is short in stature; his hair is turning gray, and he wears a full beard and mustache of a light shade. He has bright eyes, full of intelligence. He carried a black soft hat in his hand, and wore a long black overcoat that gave him a clerical appearance. At first sight one can see a close resemblance to Rev. Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers. Mr. Page, talking calmly and deliberately, said that he arrived in Freehold, N. J., on the morning of the 28th from Illinois, with his son, who intends to take

A COURSE OF THEOLOGICAL STUDY.

Leaving his son at the college at Freehold, he came on to New York City, and visited Rev. Dr. Dixon, Secretary of the Presbyterian Home Mission, on business connected with his own church in Illinois. All of the morning of the 28th was spent with Dr. Dixon. Mr. Page then came down town, intending to select some books at Scribner's store, in Broadway. Finding that he was limited as to time, he did not call at the book store, but walked leisurely toward the North River, having made up his mind to return to Freehold, where he was to spend the night.

As he walked along Canal street a stranger accosted him, saying that he recognized him as an old friend. The clergyman replied that the stranger had the advantage of him—that his name was Mr. Page. The well-dressed stranger begged to be excused, lifted his hat and walked away. Mr. Page had not walked three blocks when he was saluted by another stranger (the prisoner, Thomas Lynch), who shook hands and asked how Rev. Mr. Page was. Lynch introduced himself as Mr. Ray, nephew of "Congressman Ray of Illinois," and said that he knew several of the members of Mr. Page's church. Congressman Ray's wife is a member of Mr. Page's church, and the clergyman thought at once that he had met an old attendant at his services. Lynch said he was engaged as traveling agent for a California tea house, and asked Mr. Page if he would examine

SOME SAMPLES OF TEA.

They made a halt at 404 Canal street, a liquor saloon, and Lynch asked him to step in to see what he had in the tea line. Mr. Page, having then a couple of hours to spare, walked into the saloon and entered a rear room and sat down with his new friend at a round table. The other prisoner, McDermott, then entered and handed Lynch a box of tea.

"Now, here's a fine brand of tea. Smell of that. How do you like it?" inquired the alleged tea trader. Mr. Page was about remarking that the tea was "too strong—too much green," when a strange man entered and sat at the table, saying he had ordered a plate of oysters. The stranger began a conversation with Lynch, and drew from his pocket a handful of bank notes, and said that he had been in a bad place the night previous and had lost \$300. The stranger took out three cards and began to toss them on the table before him, and then said:

"Say, friend, I am a stranger in these yer parts; just come from Tennessee."

Mr. Page looked at the pile of money and told the stranger from Tennessee that he had better not expose his money.

AS HE MIGHT LOSE IT ALL.

"Yes, friend," remarked Lynch, "you had better put away your money—you are sure to lose it—and tear up those cards. But, first, friend, I'll play you a game, just to show you how easily you could lose all that money you have there."

The three cards were placed side by side on the table. The stranger from Tennessee was then told that he could not pick out the ten-spot card. Three times the cards were picked up, and three times the stranger picked up the ten-spot.

"Why, it's as easy as rolling off a log when you're asleep," Lynch remarked, and turning to Mr. Page he whispered: "When the corner is turned up you are sure of the winning card." Then, loudly: "Now, you show the stranger how easy it is to pick out the winning card."

Mr. Page put down a five-dollar note and picked up—the wrong card. The cards were mixed, laid on the table, and the ten spot was again missed. Mr. Page put down another \$5, and lost again.

"Oh, never fear," said Lynch, "you are betting for me; you will get your money back again. Oh, I assure you, on my honor, it is only to satisfy this stranger how easily he could lose."

Mr. Page handed Lynch a ten-dollar note, and

OF COURSE IT WAS LOST.

Then he handed over a twenty-dollar note, and that disappeared. Then Lynch told Mr. Page that he had lost his money. At that moment McDermott walked briskly into the room and said he would call a detective to break up the gambling which he saw was going on, and that some one would be arrested. Then

Lynch, McDermott, the Tennessee stranger and Rev. Mr. Page got up and quit the place.

Mr. Page reprimanded Lynch and accused him of deluding him (Page) into a swindling game. Lynch threatened Mr. Page with personal violence, and told him to hurry off, as the police were after them. Mr. Page refused to hurry off, and caused Officer Kavanagh to arrest Lynch and McDermott. The Tennessee stranger escaped.

The two prisoners were taken to the Leonard street police station, where they were recognized as well-known confidence operators. Being searched the \$20, the \$10 and two \$5 notes were found in McDermott's possession. They were taken before Justice Otterbourg. Rev. Mr. Page was asked whether he could identify his money, and he said that he could by the denominations, and by a tear on one of the \$5 notes. He denied that he was gambling; he gave the money on condition that it should be returned to him; and it was only to show the stranger

HOW EASILY HE COULD BE CHEATED.

Counsel for the prisoners asked that his clients be discharged.

The motion being denied, it was argued that McDermott had nothing to do with the gambling. The magistrate said that it was Mr. Page's opinion that McDermott was there to break up the game, "and, to be frank with you, that is my conclusion also."

"Well," said counsel, "I'll waive examination until to-morrow."

"You cannot waive examination here; go on with the case."

"But, your honor, I've been here all day and I—"

"You can go on with the case. You are paid for your work, and I'm paid for being here."

"I'll rest my case here, then," the counselor replied.

The prisoners were then formally examined.

Thomas Lynch said he was thirty years of age, born in this city, and lives in Hubert street, but did not know the number; is a peddler, and was "not guilty."

Henry McDermott said he was thirty-six years old, also born in this city, a bar-tender, living at 5 Hubert street; also "not guilty." They were held in \$2,000 bail each. Rev. Mr. Page was then sent to the house of detention in default of \$500 bail. Upon hearing this order he was greatly astonished. Justice Otterbourg said he would send the papers to the district attorney's office at once, so that it would be only a day or so before he could return to his "home in the land of the settin' sun."

Hunting a Female Lunatic.

POTTSVILLE, PA. Oct. 24.—On Wednesday afternoon an excited man ran into a hotel in Shamokin and asked who would volunteer to go out and hunt a "razy woman named Mooney, who had escaped from his brother's house and fled to the hills. A party of fifteen was soon collected, and under the leadership of John Nolan repaired to Mrs. Mooney's late home, which is about a mile from Shamokin. There it was learned that the unfortunate woman had been last seen going in the direction of Coal Run. The hunters followed in that direction, and after travelling about a mile found her bonnet and one of her shoes lying on a footpath. Shortly afterward the party met a miner who had noticed a strange woman wandering on an adjoining hill, and he went back and pointed out the place where he had seen her. The hill was very wild and covered with boulders and stunted underbrush, which made travel almost impossible. After spending two hours fruitlessly, the hunters were about to give up in despair when one of them heard a shrill scream come from under a thicket about a quarter of a mile from where he stood. He at once reported what he had heard, and the men made for the thicket as fast as the rough ground would permit. The thicket was about one hundred yards in circumference, and on reaching it the men separated and entered it at different points. Mrs. Mooney was discovered seated on the ground, but when the men approached she jumped up and fled with amazing speed. The men followed as rapidly as possible, and over rocks, roots and underbrush they went for nearly a half mile before the pursued tripped and fell. Before she could rise she was seized and tied hand and foot. This was a difficult task, as the poor woman fought her captors viciously, and several of them received ugly scratches and torn clothing from her hands. She was then placed on a hastily constructed litter and the homeward march began. The party reached Mrs. Mooney's home about eight o'clock in the evening and yesterday morning she was taken to Sunbury. On Monday Mrs. Mooney received word that her husband, an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, had been crushed between cars, and so seriously injured that he could not live. This is supposed to have driven her crazy.

The Fanatical Texans.

CORSICANA, TEXAS, Oct. 24.—Excitement about the Holiness band has not yet subsided. Rev. Mr. Goodnight, in the custody of the sheriff, has been carried to an insane asylum at Austin. He was still fasting, saying God ordered him to do so. Mrs. Goodnight, whom he abandoned, says she is relieved now that he has gone to an insane asylum. Haynes, another of the band and their wives, have gone to Dallas. Before his departure this second Christ, as his twelve apostles style him, refused to state what the mob of masked men did to him on the prairie. The story of the maskers themselves, however, is that the night Haynes was taken out of the Tabernacle a number of masked men, to each other unknown, met and through a spokesman elected a leader and went at midnight to the Tabernacle, where they found Haynes and his twelve apostles. His wife clung to him as they tore him away from her. When they got him into the prairie they found a mistake had occurred, a body of other masked men failing to meet them, the intention being to give Haynes 100 lashes and let him go. However, the party carried him back to the edge of town without doing him any violence.

RARE SPORT.

The Unexpected Game Which a Party of Rural Hunters Came Across in the Gray of the Morning.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A most exciting affair occurred in Torresdale, on the New York branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, fourteen miles from Philadelphia, early on the morning of the 23rd. About 5 o'clock, and while it was yet very dark, Andrew Hoffmeyer, a stone mason, who lives about fifty rods from the Red Lion Hotel, near the railroad, was awakened from his sleep by hearing moans proceeding from some point outside not far from the house. He listened for some moments, trying to make out what it meant. First there would be a low groan, which would gradually rise higher and higher, until it would clearly resemble a human voice, then sink again and die away in a long wail. This kept up for some time, Hoffmeyer listening meantime with mind more perplexed than ever. At length he roused his wife and

BOTH LISTENED.

The sounds would break out at intervals and continue a short time, then cease as before. It resembled a human voice more than any other sound imaginable, and the listeners finally came to the conclusion that it was some one in pain. Presently, when the sounds were renewed, Hoffmeyer sprang out of bed, declaring that he knew it was some one in distress and that he could not lie there and listen to the sound any longer. Dressing himself hastily he went down stairs, opened the door and passed out in the darkness in the direction whence the noise proceeded. It came from the field of a neighbor, named Wheelan, adjoining Hoffmeyer's yard. Walking down across this field he presently through the darkness discerned what seemed to be the body of an animal, lying close up against a fence. Hoffmeyer thought it was a cow suffering from some hurt, and full of good intentions advanced closer, until he had got within a few steps of the recumbent form of the animal, when he became conscious of two fiery eyes glaring at him out of the darkness with an expression that belonged to no branch of the cow species under the sun. To say that Hoffman got out of the way quickly is to do injustice to the remarkable physical activity which he brought to bear on the matter.

AT THAT CRITICAL MOMENT.

There was a tree not far distant, and in his progress toward this desirable point the grass never felt the touch of his feet. Having reached the tree, and seeing he was not followed, he deliberated a moment, then ran toward a shop where lights were glimmering at that early hour. It was States' butcher shop. Bursting into the place, where Mr. States and two or three hired men were at work, he informed them breathlessly of what had happened. At first they were disposed to discredit his story. Hoffmeyer stuck to it that some kind of a wild animal was down in the field and that he had almost stepped upon it. At length the men threw down their work, and, declaring they would settle the matter in short order, the whole party sallied out.

"Let's go and capture him," said States, laughing at what he conceived to be a good joke on Hoffmeyer.

Down into the field they went, States heading the party. Soon they heard the groans and saw the dark body of the animal which States said was a cow and

INCREASED HIS PACE.

When he got near the fence Hoffmeyer, who was cautiously bringing up the rear, called out to him:

"You'd better not go too near," he said.

States answered nothing. Firmly determined to capture the animal he strode bravely up until within a few feet of it, when he stopped suddenly and quickly.

"My God! it's a tiger," cried States, turning white as a sheet and executing the most rapid retrograde movement probably that ever fell to the lot of man. The others did not wait till he reached them. Every individual man took to his heels and cleared the field with unparalleled promptness. They ran back to the butcher shop, where States got an ax and an old bird gun. Several of the others scared up an old shot gun apiece, and in a body they ran to the Red Lion Hotel for more assistance. Here the only man they found awake was Allen Eckert, the bar-keeper. Eckert, like States and the others, at first would not believe what they told him. To satisfy them, however, he joined the party, and for the third time the place was visited, this time with more caution and circumspection than on any of the previous occasions. Eckert took the lead, vowing that if there was any wild animal there he

WOULD FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS.

By this time it was lighter, for the morning had begun to break. Eckert got to the fence, but went no further. Stopping short, as his predecessors had done before him, he uttered an exclamation and retired the way he had come, the rest of the party rapidly leading the way. "It is a tiger, sure enough," said Eckert, as he went back to the hotel and got an immense double-barreled gun used for duck shooting and heavily loaded with No. 5 shot. Armed with this effective weapon, and accompanied again by the others with their small bird guns, which not one of them would venture to fire, they got down by the fence again. By this time it was about 6 o'clock. When they reached the place the animal had risen from the spot where he was first discovered and was walking slowly along on the other side of the fence.

It was a tiger, and a very large one. He moved along the fence slowly until he came to a point opposite the place where the men were standing. Here he stopped a moment and, placing his paws against a rail, looked over. The men promptly proceeded to give him more latitude, retreating to the nearest house, which was occupied by a family named Clary. Eckert requested Mrs. Clary to leave the door open, so that in the event of his shot missing its object he

COULD RETREAT INSIDE.

The animal, meantime, had taken himself off the fence and was leisurely pursuing his way. Going down within about thirty feet of him, Eckert leveled

his gun at him. Just as he was about to fire he was stopped by a yell from some of the party, who advised him not to risk it, as, if he missed and only served to rouse his tigership, some of them would lose their lives. Without heeding the request he went a little closer and, while the animal stopped to look at him, took deliberate aim for the region of the left shoulder and fired. The tiger jumped five or six feet into the air and fell dead without a groan. The men with the bird guns promptly rushed up and emptied the contents of each gun into the dead tiger's head, being evidently determined that he should not come back to life again. Having done this and still having doubts as to whether the work was complete, Mr. States came forward with his ax and battered the animal's head almost into a jelly, after which there appeared to be but little doubt that he was dead. The next thing to be done was to remove the body. A lumber wagon coming along the road in the nick of time, the carcass was placed upon it and hauled up to the Red Lion stable, where it was weighed and measured. Its weight was 205 pounds, it was 7 feet 9 inches long and over 3 feet high. It measured 13½ inches around the forearm. The animal escaped from Forepaugh's menagerie, which has been in Frankford for the past two days. It could not have been at large long, as Hoffmeyer was the first man, by all accounts, to discover it. The distance from Frankford to Torresdale is about six miles. It had probably been in the woods all night until driven by hunger into the fields. The news of the killing spread like wildfire in Torresdale, and hundreds of people, including many of the summer residents of the town and surrounding country, visited the place to inspect the carcass.

RASHLY IMPORTUNATE.

Thus Went a Young Girl to Her Fate Because of a Dose of Cold Coffey Followed By One of Cold Poison.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 22.—Miss Fannie McColley died this morning of an overdose of morphine, taken with suicidal intent. She had been making her home with a sister at the corner of Water and Noghten streets. Deceased was a fair-looking brunette, aged thirty-three years, and from the letters left by her there is no doubt that she killed herself because of her unrequited love for Joseph Coffey in the employ of the Pan-Handle Company, said to be the yardmaster at Bradford Junction.

Miss McColley gave the alarm that she had taken poison about three o'clock this morning, and efforts were made to save her life but

IT WAS TOO LATE.

She left a long letter to her sister, in which she writes as follows:

"What has changed my sunshine into darkness, my day into night? It was my unfaithful lover. The happiest moments of my life were 'spent with him. I never loved any man as he. What does he return? Unfaithfulness! oh I dare say hatred! We have been engaged four years. Oftentimes he would say: 'Fannie, we will soon be married.' Kind reader, you will say: 'How could you put confidence in him?' How could I? I loved him better than my own life. He knew this. Dear girls, do not follow my path. If you love a man do not let him know you idolize him, as I have done. Do not let him think your heart was made to be troubled, or as

A TARGET FOR THE ARROW.

Only last week I wrote him, as oft I did before, that I had loved him 'ere we met. His answer was: 'How could I help you loving me before we met, when I was engaged to another, and did not know you from Adam?' I answered last Thursday morning, asking him to come down last evening (Monday, the 20th), and he would have cause to regret what he said. He never replied. He has been the destroyer of my soul, and would not come to save me from the jaws of death. Oh, cruel Josey, can you rest on your pillow while I pen these words?"

The unhappy young woman also left a letter addressed to her lover, in which the following occurs: "My prayer is that your life may ever be one uninterrupted dream of happiness. May the flowers of prosperity ever bloom along your pathway. May there be a wreath of love entwined around your heart, and may coldness never enter there. Others may love you when I have passed away, but never again while life shall last will you ever be loved as I have loved you for six years. Now, I must bid you a sad farewell forever. Give all your people a sad adieu for me. If I have sinned against heaven, I will soon meet my just reward. Be good to yourself, and may heaven protect you. This is signed,

Yours forever,

FANNIE."

Fannie's people say they had noticed nothing unusual about her except a slight sadness, nor was there any evidence of insanity in her letters or actions.

Another Balloonatic.

At St. Charles, Mo., Will Brayton, the aeronaut, made an ascension on Saturday, 25th. The wind was blowing at such a rate that it was with difficulty the balloon was inflated. He went up in tight's and with out a basket, having only rings to hold to. The balloon barely escaped being dashed to pieces against the sides of the houses on the main street, so strong was the wind. Brayton hung head downward, holding by his legs, when 500 feet in the air. He expected to stay up only a short time, but the balloon went so fast that it soon passed out of sight. It crossed the Mississippi river at Grafton, going almost due north. It is feared now that the balloon became unmanageable. Brayton, with no clothing but tight's, would not be able to endure the cold long. Mr. Downey, of Louisiana, editor of the *Journal*, and a nephew of Professor Wise, assisted Brayton. The aeronaut was advised by his friends not to try to make the ascension in such a wind, but he would heed no advice, and has perhaps fallen a victim to his rashness.

FREED FROM FIENDS.

The Joyful Release of the Meeker Family
From the Ute Demons, at Whose
Mercy they Were Held.

A TALE OF HORROR.

Frightful Ordeal of Refined Ladies at
the Hands of Beastly and
Brutal Savages.

SAVED BY PURE PLUCK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. and Miss Meeker, with Mrs. Price and her two children, a little girl of four and a nursing babe, the captives of the Ute agency, arrived at Las Pinos agency on the 27th, under a military escort, and were quartered at the house of Chief Ouray. The captivity of twenty-two days through which they have passed has been a terrible trial, and its scenes and incidents will never be forgotten. They were delivered over to General Adams on the 21st inst., in the camp on a tributary of the Grand River, after a council lasting five hours. The council was very heated, and at one time it was thought that the Indians would refuse General Adams' demand. On the approach of General Adams the captives were hid in the brush a short distance from the camp. During the council Susan, a sister of Ouray and squaw of Johnson, made a speech, strongly advocating the release of the prisoners, the first instance on record of a squaw's appearance in an important council. She was followed by Johnson, who quoted Ouray's order and advice. It was not until General Adams threatened to leave unless the prisoners were released unconditionally that

THE PEACE PARTY PREVAILED.

The history of the prisoners during their captivity forms a most pathetic chapter. After the killing of Agent Meeker the women attempted to escape in the brush from the burning buildings. Mrs. Meeker was fired at and received a flesh wound in the hip four inches in length. The Indians called to Miss Meeker and Mrs. Price in the following words: "Indians no shoot: white woman stop—Indian no hurt!" After being secured they were mounted on ponies. Miss Meeker, with Mrs. Price's oldest child tied behind her, Mrs. Price with her infant in her arms, and Mrs. Meeker, who is sixty-four years of age and lame, were compelled to accompany their captors. When they struck camp at midnight Mrs. Meeker was dismounted and fell to the ground, unable to move, and the Indians surrounded her and added to the misery of the situation by jeering and taunting.

THE "OLD WHITE SQUAW."

The next morning they were separated, Douglass taking charge of Mrs. Meeker, Persane of Miss Meeker, and Mrs. Price and children being guarded by an Uncomphagre Ute.

The sufferings of Mrs. Meeker were indelible during her stay with Douglass, whose squaw abused her by neglect, and by pushing, striking and taunting her. On one occasion Douglass threw down some blankets and compelled Miss Meeker to dismount, saying that they were going into camp. He then said that they were going to stab them and exhibited the butcher knives to be used for the purpose. Then he placed a musket to her forehead and said, "Indian going to shoot." The courageous girl never flinched and laughed at the burly savage. He asked her if she was afraid, and her ready response, "I am not afraid of Indians or of death," elicited the admiration of the red devils. They turned their derision upon Chief Douglass and he slunk from her presence.

Soon afterward the captives were placed in charge of Chief Johnson, and through the instrumentality of Johnson's squaw their condition was very much improved and

FURTHER INDIGNITIES PREVENTED.

Apprehensions as to the treatment of the captives to a fate worse than death have happily proved to be unsubstantiated by facts and they arrive here in safety, although worn out by the indignities detailed above. Susan proved to be their guardian spirit, and had it not been for her intercession the fate of the women would have formed one of the blackest pages in the history of Indian deviltry.

On their arrival at the agency, Ouray expressed great satisfaction, and on their departure Chapt's, the wife of Ouray, wept like a child.

The agency effects were all destroyed, the women only saving such clothing as they happened to have on. Mrs. Meeker was permitted to enter the burning building to get her money and "spirit book," as she told the Indians. The money, \$30, was taken from her. Miss Meeker had \$80 in the building and Mrs. Price a small amount, which was destroyed by the flames.

Through the fearful ordeal of captivity Mrs. Price and Miss Meeker almost fought for poor old Mrs. Meeker. They could use a little Spanish and Ute, and their defiance of intruding Indians and their readiness to resent insults to the old lady challenged the respect of

EVEN THE BLOOD-THIRSTY ABORIGINES.

They would push the savages right and left when interfered with, and on making complaint to Susan were always able to foil them in their brutal attempts. Susan laid down the law in a favorable manner, and woe unto that warrior who dared to murmur. The bravery of these ladies has been unexampled, and to this fact may be attributed the favor which they otherwise could not have received. The Indian runners, prior to the release of the captives, reported that the white squaws were "heap brave." The statements of the captives have been taken in detail by Inspector Pollock for official use.

Cremated Alive.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 25.—Yesterday Jas. S. Nash,

a well-to-do farmer living in Henrico county, came to Richmond and got on a spree. He returned home last night pretty full of liquor, and went to the stable and put his horse away. He then went to the fodder-house, a small log building, to get some fodder for his horse. He carried a candle with him. The fodder-house was entered by means of a very small door. By some means after the unfortunate farmer had opened the door he dropped the candle in the fodder, igniting it at once. In his drunken stupidity he overturned a bale of hay, which rolled against the small door, shutting it and closing it completely.

The fodder blazed at once, and the man was in the midst of a blazing furnace slowly roasting alive! His screams brought his agonized wife and children to the scene, but they could not force open the door, which had a mass of bales of hay jammed against it. The house being built of logs, they could not effect an entrance by knocking down the sides. Through the large cracks between the logs they could see the man burning alive, and his contortions were horrible to look upon. Surrounded by fire, with his clothes blazing, he was soon sobbed by his intense suffering, lifting bales of the burning stuff in his hands in his endeavors to clear the way to the door. At first his hair blazed; then they saw his eye-balls burst open from the intense heat, and he fell to the floor.

In his screams of agony before he fell he cried for "Water! water!" and he saw the small crowd outside and screamed: "What are you all standing there for when I am burning? Help me, for God's sake!" Very soon after he fell his sufferings ended in death, but not before both arms had been completely burned off. This morning all that was taken from the ruins of the fodder-house was the headless trunk of what had been a man.

Maddened by Hunger.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The clerks in Henry Bischoff's fancy grocery store, 177 Bowery, were startled in the evening of the 28th by the advent of a demented looking young man who came bounding into the establishment with a crowd of Bowery urchins at his heels. So sudden were the stranger's movements that several customers were rudely jostled out of their places as the new-comer brushed up to Frederick Schreiner, one of the clerks, and shouted:

"Give me a pistol, for God's sake, and hurry up, for I want to kill myself!"

This request was peremptorily refused by Mr. Schreiner, who perceived at once that his questioner was insane, or in a condition bordering on frenzy. His clothing betrayed evidence of extreme destitution, while hunger seemed to have turned his intelligent face into a picture of haggardness. Mr. Bischoff hurried to the assistance of his employe, but not in time to prevent the stranger from grasping a cheese knife and drawing it across his own throat. The wound proved to be a slight one. A stampede ensued in the place, for it was feared that further havoc would be created. A gentleman living at 43 Eldridge street succeeded in getting the knife away from the young man. The latter then ran into the Bowery and up the steps of the Elevated railway station at the corner of Grand street. Without waiting for the formality of purchasing a ticket he darted past the gateman, jumped on the track, and a moment later, to the horror of all the spectators, flung himself into the street. A Third Avenue car had just passed the spot where he struck the paving stones. The police with difficulty picked him up, owing to the crowd that congregated around the spot.

At the Tenth Precinct station a hurried diagnosis showed that the back, left side and left arm of the would-be suicide were broken. Although scarcely able to speak, he gave his name and address as James Sullivan, aged twenty-five, of 11 Summit street, New London, Conn. The terrible shock seemed to have brought Sullivan to his senses, for he began to groan piteously, and begged to be taken to a hospital.

Little hope of Sullivan's recovery was expressed when the surgeon of Chambers Street Hospital made him comfortable an hour later. The suicide's story, as partially learned, was given as follows: Sullivan, it appears, was in receipt of a comfortable income until last year while living in New London. Hard times threw him out of employment. Ten days ago he found himself in this city, out of work, out of friends and without a single acquaintance to whom he could apply for aid. He wandered about the streets in an aimless manner until hunger drove him wild. In conversation Sullivan betrayed considerable intelligence and even culture. He could remember nothing, he said, of his attempt on his life; everything seemed a blank until he recovered consciousness through his terrible leap. Amputation will be necessary for both upper and lower limb, should Sullivan survive long enough to make the operations possible. "Even then," said his attendant, "the poor fellow will be a cripple for life."

Kentucky Justice.

Lawlessness was common in Kentucky in 1866. Ebenezer Kennedy got drunk while out with a party hunting for horse thieves, and, in pure wantonness, killed an inoffensive negro. No effort was made at the time to punish the murderer. Recently, thirteen years after the crime was committed, he was put on trial. The testimony was direct and uncontradicted, but the jury could not agree to a conviction, and the governor is to be petitioned for a pardon.

The American Forger's Sentence.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—In the Central Criminal Court to-day William Ringgold Cooper, the American, who, on the 21st inst. pleaded guilty to forgeries on Messrs. Glyn, Mills & Co., bankers, of London, and also to a similar charge preferred by officers of the Bank of England, and who made a piteous appeal for mercy, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Teamsters along the Gila River, Arizona, complain of the large herds of wild camels that have of late taken possession of the main roads to the consternation of horses and mules,

A DOMESTIC HORROR.

Unaccountable Butchery of a Family By
One of Its Number Without Adequate
Reason.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 22.—Jacob Nuller, his wife and idiot son, were shot in Strongsville Township, at one o'clock this morning, and the first named killed, while the others are not expected to live. The murderer was Nuller's eldest son, and the crime was one of the most atrocious in the criminal records of the country.

About one o'clock this morning a neighbor of Nuller's was awakened by the rapping on the door of Nuller's younger son, who was also crying piteously for help. He immediately got up, and on going to the door was told by the boy that some one had entered their house and had killed his father and mother, and attempted to kill him, in proof of which he showed wounds upon his head and breast. Awakening another neighbor, the two proceeded to Nuller's house. Here they found in front of the house a pool of blood, and it was ascertained that it was caused by Mrs. Nuller, who had fallen out of the window, having fainted and broken through the sash while

ATTEMPTING TO RAISE IT.

On regaining her strength she worked her way back to the bed-room, where she was found. Nuller was found lying on the floor in a pool of blood, and was dead.

The tragedy had evidently occurred in the room occupied as a bed-room, and it appeared from the position of the body that Nuller had been sitting up in bed when shot and killed. The old man was fairly riddled with bullets. Mrs. Nuller was shot in the head, the hip, and left breast: the ball in the latter coming out into the arm. The son received a shot in the left breast, and another making a ghastly wound on the forehead. It is inferred that the murderer left them all for dead. In a brief time, however, Mrs. Nuller regained consciousness and directed the boy, who had also arrived, to

ALARM THE NEIGHBORS.

A search for the murderer was at once instituted. From the fact that he had been seen there the night before, suspicion was fastened on a son, who had been living in the city, and accordingly a tin-type of the man was procured by the authorities, and with this in his possession Detective Goodrich started for the Union Depot, judging that he would attempt to escape on one of the railroads.

Goodrich had not been in the depot five minutes, and was exhibiting the tin-type to a friend, when a man stepped up to look over his shoulders out of curiosity. Goodrich turned quickly to see the intruder, and was confronted by the original of the picture that he held in his hand. He at once seized him and took him to the Central Police Station, where he was identified as the man they were after. The murderer was just about taking flight to Toledo when

GOODRICH NABBED HIM.

He had planned to get on board the train unnoticed from the switch-shanty, west of the depot, but fearing that the officers might be looking for him, caused him to have an itching desire to roam around. He had entered the depot with one of those fits on him, when he espied Goodrich and his friend looking at the photograph, and he gave himself away as stated.

It seems that after committing the deed Miller foolishly drove back to Berea, and then took the morning train into this city, instead of fleeing in the contrary direction. He wandered about town until he became possessed with the idea that it was not safe for him to be here, and then started to depart. His name is George, and he is a fine-looking young man, about thirty years old. He is nearly six feet tall, and wears a black mustache. He has been living some time in Toledo. He admitted his crime, and said he went out to his father's last night with a rig hired at Berea; had some trouble with the old gentleman, who ordered him to leave the house, and finally losing control of himself

SHOT HIS FATHER.

"I don't remember what happened after that," said he. "I was very mad, and I went further than I meant to. I had been drinking a little, but was not drunk. My father and I have been having trouble for six years, ever since I left home. I have been sending him what money I could spare from my wages, and when he ordered me to leave the house it was more than I could stand. The trouble between me and the old man was not about a lot of land, as has been reported. I can't explain to you the whole particulars of the trouble between me and father. I have been in the employ of the Lake Shore Road as fireman two years, and have divided my time of late between Toledo and Collinwood. I laid off a few days to rest, having worked hard all summer, and thought I would go out and see my folks. After I had shot them I got into my buggy and drove to Berea. I put up at the Nicholas House there last night, and came into town on the train this morning."

Two weapons—a new, small-sized five-shooter revolver, of cheap make and an old-fashioned pepper-box, with six chambers—were taken from Nuller. Every barrel was empty. His father was fifty-three years old, and was possessed of a small property of about twenty-five acres, in the centre of which stood his house, a small and dingy building. Young Nuller has always been regarded as a hard-working and industrious man, and his crime seems unaccountable. He does not seem to realize what he has done, and his demeanor is that of a person who is considerably frightened.

A Woman's Raid on a Saloon.

[Subject of Illustration.]

FREDERICKTOWN, O., Oct. 25.—For days past rumors have been in circulation that certain ladies were prepared to tear down all the drinking saloons in this place. This morning early the Baptist church bell

tollled, and there assembled about fifteen women, all armed with hatchets. An organization was soon effected, and they proceeded directly to Kelly's saloon.

Edward Randall, the bar-tender, had heard of their coming in advance, and locked the saloon, and retired a short distance. Without waiting a moment after their arrival, the mob battered in the windows; the door soon yielded, and in poured the women, and in an instant the heads of whisky, wine and gin barrels were knocked in and the contents poured upon the floor. Decanters and bottles were emptied and broken, and in less than ten minutes the whole establishment was completely gutted. The counters were chopped down, beer cases mashed and a total wreck was made of everything.

O'Connor's saloon, immediately across the street, was next visited. O'Connor had locked up and stood before his door. The women demanded that his whisky, etc., be brought out and destroyed, threatening to serve his windows and doors as they had Kelly's if he did not open the place. O'Connor refused to do this, but offered to take his goods to the depot and ship them away if they would not molest them. This was agreed to, and two barrels were removed, which O'Connor claimed was all that he had; but the women thought differently, and went and destroyed every bottle, decanter, cask and jug in the building. No damage was, however, done to the building, and but little to the furniture here.

The drug store of C. Hosack and Wicker & Vincent, and Wells's bakery, where beer is sold, were next visited, and the proprietors were warned that if their liquors were not out of town by Monday morning, they would tear them out.

There has been a tremendous feeling aroused. Both sides have friends. Kelly has sworn out warrants for the arrest of the women, which will be served on Monday.

A Woman's Desperate Courage.

Y. T. CITY, Mo., Oct. 23.—Campbell and Stevens, two desperate men supposed to have been implicated in the Glendale train robbery, have been captured in Holden, Johnson county, Mo. The Marshal of Holden and Deputy Marshal Hays agreed upon a plan of attack. Four reliable men were called upon for assistance, and the six men decided to wait until just before daylight before beginning operations. The first house visited was that of Stevens, who was living with a woman who was formerly his wife, but who had recently been divorced from him, a reconciliation having been effected after the divorce. The house was cautiously surrounded by the posse, and, with every man on the alert, Deputy Marshal Hays rapped on the door for admittance, and after a number of knocks a woman's voice answered that there was no man around; but the sound of a man's voice belied her words and he was ordered to surrender.

Stevens said nothing, but the woman became frantic and swore a terrible oath to kill the first man who would enter the house, "if she went to h—l the next minute." The woman was so furious that she actually kept the besiegers off for an hour, until finally, in a frenzy of rage, she rushed upon the men from a rear door with a navy revolver, and attempted to shoot them. She was seized and the revolver taken from her, but she quickly produced another from a pocket and attempted to use it, but was again foiled. Deputy Hays then appeared with handcuffs, at the sight of which the high-spirited woman broke down completely, and throwing her arms around Hays besought him frantically not to inflict upon her such indignity. Her wish was granted on promise of good behavior, and the men once more turned their attention to the man within the house. It was arranged that a lighted lantern was to be passed in on the end of a stick through a window. Should Stevens jump at it he was to be shot. Stevens, fortunately for himself, came out and gave himself up. Campbell was easily captured.

A Singular Suicide.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 2.—Several years ago a young man named Waller moved from Kansas with his family to the Cherokee Nation. Waller was formerly brakeman on the Neosho division of the M. & K. T. Railroad. He became enamored with a Cherokee girl living in Chetopa, Kan., and was married to her. Shortly after the marriage, at the suggestion of his wife, Waller abandoned railroading and engaged in farming on Dog Creek. He never prospered, however, being, it is said, a shiftless, good-for-nothing sort of a fellow.

One Sunday, in the latter part of September, Waller told his wife to dress up in her best clothes and go with him for a walk in the woods. After going a distance of nearly two miles they halted at a spring and sat down, as Waller said he was tired and would go no further. He then commenced abusing his wife, accusing her of committing adultery with a negro. During the conversation he took a strong cord from his pocket and holding it up before her eyes, said: "I am going to kill myself, and you shall witness the execution."

The woman attempted to escape, but was captured and brought back to the spring, Waller dragging her by the hair of her head through the brush.

Waller tied the cord securely around his wife's neck and then led her to the root of a tall tree, growing a few yards from the spring. Taking the end of the cord in his mouth he climbed to the first limb of the tree, a distance of about fifteen feet from the ground. Standing on the limb, he addressed a few words to his wife and then jumped headforemost to the ground, breaking his neck in the fall.

Mine Host Leland Indicted.

FREEDHOLD, N. J., Oct. 25.—Warren Leland, Jr., one of the proprietors of the Ocean Hotel, in Long Branch, has been indicted by the Grand Jury of Monmouth county on the charge of keeping a disorderly house. His trial has been set down for the 31st inst.



AUDACIOUS ATROCITY OF MIKE CANABY'S BAND, WHO BREAK INTO NIG REINER'S HOUSE AT DEAD OF NIGHT, INFAMOUSLY ASSAULT HIS HOUSE-KEEPER AND THROTTLE HIM INTO QUIETUDE; OSHKOSH, WIS.—SEE PAGE 10.



ACTOR BANGS' UNBILLED ACT—HOW THE EMINENT PERSONATOR OF SARDANAPALUS BOUNCED HIS ALLEGED RIVAL AND CLEANED OUT THE ENTIRE WAR-FOOTING FORCE OF HIS HOTEL; WILKESBARRE, PA.—SEE PAGE 5.



A FEMALE FIGHT IN A SANCTUARY—TERRIFIC COMBAT BETWEEN MRS. HARSHBARGER AND MISS PETTIBONE, IN A CHURCH, NEAR FORT SCOTT, KAN.—SEE PAGE 2.



THE DESPERADOES McMILLAN AND KENDALL TAKEN FROM THEIR CELL AND LYNCHED BY A BAND OF REGULATORS; GRAYSON, KY.—SEE PAGE 10.



A WOMAN'S LIQUOR RAID—HOW THE LADIES OF FREDERICKTOWN, O., ABOLISHED THE TRAFIC OF ARDENT SPIRITS IN THEIR TOWN.—SEE PAGE 7.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Shocking Confession of a Wife to Her
Complicity in a Conspiracy to
Murder Her Husband.

YOUNG'S CELEBRATION OF HIS ACQUITTAL

WIFE-MURDERER SENTENCED.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25.—In the case of J. M. Wyatt Stone, colored, convicted of murdering his wife some months ago by cutting her throat with a razor, the motion for a new trial was to-day overruled, and Stone was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, the 19th of December next.

THE PARSON'S VICTIM.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Oct. 25.—The wounds of Frank Gaddy, who was cut in the abdomen by Parson Long, on the 3rd inst., developed into such a serious condition last night that Dr. Teft was summoned. Gaddy had been vomiting profusely, with the most excruciating pain, and inflammation has set in, so severely that his death is pronounced inevitable.

A WIFE'S HORRIBLE CONFESSION.

CANTONVILLE, Texas, Oct. 25.—Mrs. Spears has confessed to complicity in the assassination of her husband in this (Medina) county, some time ago. She acknowledges conspiring with two of his enemies. She rode with her husband in a wagon and got him to go back in the road after something she pretended to have dropped. Two men then sprang upon and murdered him. Mrs. Spears is in jail.

THE LYNN TRUNK HORROR.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 24.—The jury in the case of Caroline C. Goodrich and Daniel F. Kimball on their second trial for the murder of Jennie P. Clarke, the victim of the notorious "trunk tragedy," came in this morning with a sealed verdict of guilty. Goodrich was convicted of having performed the criminal operation which caused death, and Kimball of being an accessory after the fact.

DOUBLY FATAL AFFRAY.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 26.—A shooting scrape occurred on the streets this morning in which a negro vagabond named Monroe Taylor, was killed by Officer Lewis Chew, and the officer was dangerously shot in the abdomen. The negro turned upon the officer and shot him while he was attempting his arrest. Chew fired two shots while on the sidewalk and killed his man. It is thought Chew received a fatal wound.

A DOUBLE MURDERER ARRESTED.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 26.—Matthew Fitch, who killed his wife, from whom he had been estranged for some time, and his four-year-old daughter, near Hadley, Lapeer county, on Saturday, the 19th inst., was arrested in his house at Goodrich, a short distance from Hadley, this morning. He was taken to Lapeer, where he is now confined. Since the commission of the double murder he has been hiding in the woods in the neighborhood, and eluded his pursuers until this morning. While being taken to Lapeer jail he narrowly escaped lynching by the people of Hadley.

CASH COULDN'T CURE HIM.

DEADWOOD, D. T., Oct. 25.—A telegram from Yankton says the Supreme Court has affirmed the decision of the lower Court in the case of Martin L. Conk, tried and sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Mrs. Minnie Collison August 20, 1878. The murder was extremely brutal, and Conk will undoubtedly pay the penalty of death, as there is little hope of the governor intervening. Conk was a heavy mine owner, and has spent a large fortune in efforts to secure his acquittal. Mrs. Mary Broughton, now held in \$10,000 bail, will be tried next term of Court as an accomplice in the crime.

BODY-SNATCHERS ARRESTED.

ASHTABULA, O., Oct. 26.—F. W. Dakin and W. Hoyt, two medical students from Cleveland, were arrested here to-day for body-snatching. They arrived here on Saturday night, hired a horse and buggy, went to the County Infirmary farm, five miles east of here, opened the grave of Mrs. Goodrich, an old lady seventy-five years old, who was buried last Tuesday, packed the body in a trunk and were about to take the train for Cleveland when they were arrested. They had a preliminary trial and were bound over until the next term of court under \$500 bail. Both prisoners furnished bail and were released.

THREE MURDERS IN TWO DAYS.

SHERBROOK, La., Oct. 23.—Information comes from Natchitoches of three murders in that parish within three days. W. A. Curry and J. V. Atkinson, highly esteemed citizens, got into a difficulty about some cotton, which resulted in Curry shooting and killing Atkinson. Curry has surrendered himself to the authorities. On Cane river Francois Junca and James Smith, a colored laborer, also quarreled about some cotton, when Smith seized a club and killed Junca instantly. The murderer has been arrested. R. M. Simmons and J. Withers of Ward six, in that parish, engaged in an affray which resulted in injuries to Simmons from which he is reported to be dying.

A VILLAINOUS INGRATE.

LAGRANGE, Ky., Oct. 21.—Turner Barnes, a young man residing in Newcastle, became crazy drunk yesterday, and paraded the streets of Newcastle, threatening to shoot every person he met, and showing a decided determination to kill the marshal of the town, B. G. Pearce. Finally William Ford, a particular friend of Barnes, induced him to get into the buggy with him, that he might take him home. Barnes, as soon as seated in the buggy, remarked to Ford that

he intended to shoot him, and did so, the ball entering one inch below the right eye, passing through the mouth, cutting the tongue in twain, and passing out at the back of the neck about one and one-half inches to the left of the spinal column.

CURIOUSLY ACQUITTED.

KEOKUK, Ia., Oct. 25.—At 10:45 to-day the jury in the Young case at Kahoka, Mo., after having been out fourteen hours, returned a verdict of not guilty. This decision was reached on the second ballot, the first one standing eleven for acquittal and one for conviction. Young shook hands with his attorneys, and after thanking the jury, said: "Thank God! Justice is again done in Clark county." He is highly elated over the verdict, and celebrated his acquittal by uniting himself in marriage to Miss Spray, of Ohio, who has been at Kahoka awaiting the result of the trial. The verdict receives the approval of most of the best men in the community, the prevailing opinion being that from the evidence and the instructions of the court, no other conclusion could have been reached. The jury and attorneys separated to their homes, the crowd dispersed, and the Spencer murder remains as much of a mystery as ever. The trial of Young has been in progress, three weeks, and has cost the county several thousand dollars.

A NEGRO DESPERADO KILLED.

TRINIDAD, Col., Oct. 26.—About 1 o'clock this morning an altercation occurred in Dillett's saloon, on Commercial street, between a white man and a colored man. The former threw the latter from the saloon by bouncing a chair over his head, but the negro soon returned with a revolver and immediately opened a promiscuous firing into the room from the outside. The first shot struck a peaceable spectator, named Roberts, in the left shoulder, ranging inward and backward. Before any more damage was done by the negro's weapon, one of the night patrolmen, named Louis Kreeger, appeared on the scene and took a hand in the proceedings. Kreeger fired at the negro, one shot striking him in the head and glancing off, and the other entering his body near or through the heart. The negro staggered a few steps and fell dead—a victim of Trinidad justice in one of its swiftest and most effective forms. The deceased was a cook in the United States Hotel at this place, named Henry Gideon.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

ALLEGANY STATION, Va., Oct. 21.—Information was received here this morning of the perpetration of a most diabolical outrage upon a young lady by a tramp in Monroe county, W. Va. It seems that about 6:30 yesterday morning Miss Arabella Baker, a beautiful, accomplished and highly respected young lady, residing with her parents on the mountain top, about the old Sweet Springs in Monroe county, W. Va., went out for the purpose of milking the cows, when she was assaulted by a white man, a supposed tramp, and after a terrible struggle was dragged into the woods and brutally outraged. The young lady, who has only one hand, resisting with all her strength the attack upon her person, had her remaining thumb nearly severed by a knife in the hands of her assailant. When she returned to the house every shred of her clothing had been torn from her. The excitement in the neighborhood is intense, and the whole country is aroused. Search is being made in every direction for the author of this diabolical villainy, and should he be caught and recognized by his victim, Judge Lynch will give him a short shrift.

AN UNPARALLELED WRETCH.

GEORGETOWN, O., Oct. 21.—In Mt. Oreb, a thriving little village twelve miles north of here, on the Cincinnati and Eastern Railroad, there resided on Sunday last Robert Silman, his wife and a family of several children. Mrs. Silman is a victim of consumption, and is bed-ridden the greater portion of her time. On the afternoon of the day above mentioned Silman had filled himself with whisky, and was in a fine mood to raise a disturbance. He went home in this condition and made an infamous proposition to his wife. It was that she aid him in accomplishing the ruin of their daughter, adding that "The matter need not be known outside of the family. We can keep it still and no one will be the wiser." Mrs. Silman rejected the horrible proposition, whereupon the husband proceeded to beat her in a most brutal manner, as also his young son. The mother finally escaped, called assistance, and Silman was arrested. Since then his daughter, Leonora Silman, has made affidavit that her father had raped her September 27, and had several times since attempted to repeat the outrage. Silman is in jail and threats have been made that his case will not come to trial.

THE CHITTENANGO BORGIA.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 24.—Dr. Manlius Smith, professor of chemistry at the Syracuse University, has found arsenic in the remains of Mrs. Pope, which were, about one week ago, submitted to him for examination. Mrs. Pope died on the last day of July, 1876, at the residence of Mrs. Barnard, Chittenango, Madison county. The death of Mrs. Barnard by poison last month, and the arrest of her daughter, Mrs. Francis Shrouder, for the murder of her mother, led the authorities to suspect that Francis might have murdered Mrs. Pope also to obtain possession of \$800 in United States bonds which the old lady had just previous to her death and which have not been seen since. The fact that Francis was seen to have in her possession a large amount of money immediately after Mrs. Pope's death, and the finding of poison in the old lady's remains, even after the lapse of three years and two months, as above stated, is deemed strong ground for claiming that Francis is a murderer in a twofold sense. She has been in the Madison County Prison with her husband for the last three weeks, on the charge of murdering her mother. Her case is to be again presented to the grand jury on the new charge. When the coffin of Mrs. Pope was opened very little of the body could be found. What was gathered up was of the color and consistency of black mould. The coroner's inquest on the death of Mrs. Pope will be held on Monday next, at Truxton, Cortland county. The greatest indignation is expressed in Chittenango against Mrs. Shrouder. She is only

about twenty-five years old, and not of very prepossessing appearance. It is stated here that at the age of fourteen years she carried on a liaison at her mother's house with a citizen of Chittenango now living, and who is now and was then a married man. The old lady had frequent quarrels with her daughter on that account.

THE SHROUDER POISONING CASE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 27.—The coroner's inquest into the cause of the death of Mrs. Louise Pope, the first week in August, 1876, was continued at Truxton, Cortland county, to-day. The most important witnesses sworn were Professor Manlius Smith, of the Syracuse University Medical College, and Frederick Garner, who dug the grave of the deceased. Dr. Smith testified that he had made a chemical analysis of a portion of the remains in his possession. He used Reinsch's tests, which consisted of boiling strips of bright copper in diluted hydrochloric acid with the substance to be tested. He found first the copper slightly tarnished, which to a certain extent, indicated arsenic. Then the copper was dried and heated in a small glass tube, when a sublimate was obtained, which was with the microscope proved crystalline, and some of the crystals were octahedrons. This he considered as proving the presence of arsenic beyond a doubt, as no other metal treated in the same way ever produced the same results. Some of the acid used was tested before and after the test for the arsenic to see if there might have been any arsenic in it. Both Reinsch's and Marsh's tests were used, but no arsenic was found in the acid. The professor also testified that the coffin was so well preserved that no arsenic could have got into it from the soil. Portions of the dress worn by deceased are still in the possession of the chemist, as well as the portion removed from the pelvis, which are to be further tested. It is thought the defence will say the coloring matter in the dress may have been composed partly of arsenic, and to disprove this possible theory the district attorney proposed to continue the examination by the chemist. The witness Garner testified that Barnard, the father of Mrs. Shrouder, now in Morrisville jail, who brought the corpse to the village of Truxton, did not wish to have the coffin opened before burial. The inquest was then adjourned till November 13.

A Fiendish Outrage.

[Subject of Illustration.]

OSHKOSH, Wis., Oct. 20.—A most diabolical outrage was perpetrated here a few nights since. It appears that a young man named Nic Reiner, a bachelor, had employed a girl named Frankie Miller as housekeeper. Shortly after the engagement, at about 11:30 at night, the girl was awakened by some one rapping on her window and demanding admission. The girl went to Reiner's door and acquainted him with the fact. Reiner arose and slipped on his pants, by which time the intruders were knocking on the front door. A parley ensued, in which with oaths and curses three men outside demanded to be let in or they would burst the door down. Reiner refused to admit them and ordered them away, when they immediately brought their combined weight against the door, breaking the lock. The three men were Mike Canary, Charles Guillem and Ed Hampshire, known to the police as three of the most dangerous roughs and desperadoes this community has ever been infested with. On breaking in the door Canary advanced with a knife in his upraised hand and, forcing Reiner into a corner, commanded him to keep quiet or he would cut his heart out. The other two grabbed Reiner and commenced to choke him, when Miss Miller ran to his assistance, imploring the roughs to leave the place. Canary turned upon her and made a plunge at her with his knife, which she warded off by raising her left hand, receiving a deep gash from the blade of the knife across the palm of the hand and the fleshy part at the base of the thumb, cutting clear to the bone. Canary then caught her and hurled her clear over the stove. He then took her and dragged her into an adjoining room, and, locking the door behind them, commanded her to submit to his desires, and threatened to cut her heart out if she resisted or uttered a cry. At the same time Guillem and Hampshire got Reiner into a chair and stood guard over him, threatening to kill him if he stirred. In this manner the helpless woman was compelled to submit to each of the ruffians in turn, while their comrades stood guard over Reiner. Finally an alarm was conveyed to the police station and a raid was made upon the desperadoes, who were arrested after a fierce fight, locked up in the city jail, and will be indicted and punished for their ruffianly crime.

A Sickening Family Scandal.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 24.—Albert Lederbrand, residing at Crow's Mill, about ten miles south of this city entered complaint before Esquire Condell to-day and swore out a warrant for the arrest of his father-in-law, James Dickson, for making an assault on his wife with intent to commit rape. Dickson's daughter was but recently married to Lederbrand, to whom she revealed the fact that her father, on numerous occasions, attempted to violate her person, the last attempt being on the 6th day of September, a few days prior to her marriage. Her silence up to the present time has been caused by the threats of her father to kill her should she tell any one in regard to his transactions. Since her marriage a younger sister, aged about twelve years, has confided to her the information that the father has made similar assaults upon her. Dickson also lives in the vicinity of Crow's Mill, and although the possessor of a small tract of land, earns his livelihood by working as a farm hand for his neighbors. He is about forty-five years of age. Since his wife's death, which occurred some time ago, he has had living with him a woman of questionable character. The warrant for his arrest was placed in the hands of Constable Rape. The officer left in the evening to effect his arrest, and it is expected that he will arrive in the city with his prisoner late to-night or early in the morning.

KENTUCKY CUSSINESS.

A Radical Home Effort at Cure of the Pre-
vailing Epidemic of Crime in the Dark
and Bloody Ground.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A despatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer of the 23rd inst., from Grayson, Ky., gives a horrible picture of the state of society in the northeastern portion of that state. It says:

Murder, incendiarism, thievery, bushwhacking, general devilment—and such a farce as most of the Kentucky courts prove to be when criminals are brought before them—have at last incited the better citizens of northeastern Kentucky to rise in their might and enforce their will as best they can.

In my despatches some weeks since mention was made of an organized band of outlaws in this part of Kentucky, and that a body of masked men had visited Martinsburg, the county seat of Elliott county, and served notices on officers, lawyers, citizens and criminals that they would no longer suffer murderers and known criminals to override and disgrace their county and that officers and lawyers who gave them encouragement by defending and permitting such persons to go unpunished would be served in the

SAME WAY AS CRIMINALS.

On Monday, near midnight, about two hundred men rode into the town of Martinsburg and surrounded the entire court yard, in which the jail stands, where John W. Kendall, William McMillan and J. W. Ownsby were confined, charged with various crimes and known to belong to the organization holding sway in this part of the state. In the meantime part of the regulators surrounded the jailer's house, from which he attempted to escape by a back door, but in the darkness ran into the arms of one of the party. They made him deliver the keys to the jail. When they surrounded the court yard there were several men about the yard with the guards. Among them was John Cohn, whom they caught and tried to secure, but he broke away from them. They fired two shots at him; both of which took effect, one in the left shoulder, the other in the left hip. He finally escaped. They

INTENDED TO HANG HIM.

The party having the jail keys arrived by this time, when about twenty-five proceeded to the jail. Unlocking it they were met by William McMillan who began praying for mercy. Kendall was stolid and made no appeals. Ownsby talked but little, but he was badly frightened, as he had been hanged several times some weeks since by the Regulators to make him tell what he knew of the band that he belonged to. Only one man spoke to him. They soon produced ropes and pinioned the arms of Kendall and McMillan, and leading them to the door, placed the ropes around their necks. They left Ownsby praying for mercy, closed and locked the door, without a word being spoken by the whole party of men, filed out of the court yard and proceeded to a walnut tree about one hundred yards from the court house, where they formed a hollow square about their prisoners and instituted a trial bench.

After nearly an hour the sentence of death was pronounced by Judge Lynch. McMillan begged for a little time to pray, which was granted. A small rope that had evidently been used as a plow line was used to hang McMillan. When all was ready four strong men caught and held him up some distance so that the party who climbed the tree could tie the rope to a limb. They let him down gradually so as not to break the rope. He was

STRANGLER TO DEATH.

Until this time Kendall had kept quiet. When he saw his partner in the throes of death he began calling on his God for mercy. His prayers were cut short. He died hard. Both were hanged on the same tree. The Regulators remained about half an hour and quietly left town by another road.

McMillan leaves a wife and five children. Kendall also leaves a wife and five children. They both lived near Crackers Neck, Elliott county. As soon as they left the men were cut down and taken to the court house. An inquest was held at once, and the verdict of the jury was: "Taken from jail and hanged by unknown parties." The men hanged told the names of many others who belonged to the organization. George Whit and George McClanahan, residing in Devil's Fork of Sandy, were visited by the Regulators and whipped nearly to death for stealing a horse. When any of the band are arraigned before a court they prove an alibi by others of their gang. The Underwood district may yet be visited by these Regulators. They seem to have started in to clear out all northeastern Kentucky of such gangs as make this country so bad a reputation.

A Pitiable Case of Crime.

CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 26.—Mrs. Manilla Mason, who committed the murderous assault upon her husband at North Chichester, on Thursday night last, has been arrested upon the charge of assault with intent to kill. She was arraigned, pleaded not guilty, was held for trial in the supreme court and committed to jail in this city. She manifested no emotion when apprehended, but when she was removed from home her little children pleaded piteously that she might not be taken away. The theory of the prosecution is that she struck her husband one blow with the intention of stunning him, and then to pour kerosene oil over the body and set the premises on fire to conceal her crime. Mrs. Mason says that she attacked him out of revenge for an assault he committed upon her ten years ago, but that she did not intend to kill him.

Died of Her Injuries.

EL PASO, Ill., Oct. 26.—Miss Ella Martin, the young lady so brutally assaulted near her home, at Woodford, last Sunday, by John De Boer, died of her injuries this morning about 6 o'clock. The excitement in the neighborhood is very high, and there is strong talk of taking De Boer out of the jail and hanging him

GREENFIELD'S GUILT.

Another Question of It Raised By a Recent Revelation From the West.

A GERMAN'S CONFESSION.

Which Looks Much Like a Put-Up Job, But Which Still Seems to Complicate

THIS MUCH COMPLICATED CASE.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Oct. 24.—A week or two since a murder trial was concluded at Syracuse, New York, which was intensely interesting, and which in one sense is of some interest here, because of the developments in the case affecting a former resident of Lafayette, he being in fact one of the accused parties to the crime. The trial ended in the defendant, Nathan O. Greenfield, being found guilty of the murder of his wife in 1875. At the conclusion of his first trial a letter as follows was received by the authorities:

"Spare Greenfield his life. I killed her after satisfying my inhuman lust on her senseless form. Since that time I have been in the wilds of Michigan, yet I can't do a double murder. I am a German, and before you get this

"I SHALL BE GONE FAR AWAY."

On the back of the letter is written this:

"Why clamor after life? He is innocent."

Upon the strength of this Greenfield was granted a new trial. His wife had been found in her home with a knife stuck into her throat and a hole in her head, done by the discharge of a double-barreled gun belonging to her husband. The shot were the same as those taken from the barrel which had not been discharged. He was arrested and has had two trials, and on October 10th was again sentenced to be hung. When asked why sentence should not be passed upon him, Greenfield said: "As there is a God of truth and a God of justice, I am innocent." The defense had set up this theory: That a party of men entered Greenfield's barn to steal his grain, and, after outraging his wife, killed her to

PREVENT HER TESTIFYING AGAINST THEM.

In support of this the following letter, written from this city by Royall Kellogg, and addressed to his brother, was given in testimony:

"LAFAYETTE, Ind., April 21, 1876.

"FRIEND ALDEN—It is with please that I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well and hope this will find you the same, and your little family. Alden, I am in Lafayette. I seen my poor old mother once more. I did not no her, nor she did not no me, but when she found out who I was she fainted and fell in my arms. You ought to see her, yes, you had, Alden. You don't no how much she has changed. You wouldn't no her, Alden. A mother is a mother. Tell me about the murder if you think it all right. All them. I am in Lafayette, and if they want me they can come and get me. We are all a-going to meet Caiden. If you want to see me you had better come up soon. She is a-falling fast. I am going to work. Louisa's man got me the place. I must quit for this time, hoping to hear from you soon. Direct to Lafayette, Ind. ROYALL KELLOGG, 24 Brown street.

"Write soon from your brother, ROYALL KELLOGG.

"We will not think of the past, but the hereafter."

"ROYALL, Lafayette."

The writer of this ran away immediately after the murder, which was committed four years ago, and he assumed the name of Henry Wilson until he came to this city, when he was

KNOWN BY HIS RIGHT NAME.

Within the past few days some points or facts bearing upon the murder have been unearthed here in this city that will in all probability go far in disproving the charge against the unfortunate man, Greenfield. The clew was a slender one, and, if closely followed, may lead to a solution of the crime.

Royall Kellogg came here to visit his grandmother, Mrs. Milly Drake, an old and feeble lady. The clew was simply the discovery that she knew something about the case. She was visited this afternoon by O. H. Stein, city editor of the *Courier*, to whom she gave the following statement:

That after Royall came back the second time—a year after the conviction of Greenfield—he told her about the murder. He said that the night Mrs. Greenfield was killed he and Alden and George Hines went to the farm to steal Greenfield's oats. Greenfield wasn't home, but his wife saw them, and then they went into the house. Then somehow the idea got into their head to outrage the woman, and one of them knocked her down and stunned her, and they all outraged her. Royall said: "We thought she was coming to, and she died—died quick."

"How about taking the things?"

"Well, they divided them up. Royall, he took the gun and went outside and

BURIED IT IN THE FIELD.

He told me he first wrapped it in a rubber overcoat, and then all around with some old woolen clothes so that it wouldn't get wet and rusty. Then there was \$60 in money. They took that and a watch, and a good deal of the oats. Hines took part of the oats to his own house and used them; the rest they sold. Royall said to me: "I don't think anybody can find that gun, but if they do I'll swing sure."

Mrs. Drake said he threatened to kill her, often, if she repeated what he told her. Mrs. Drake says that the authorities in New York a few days ago arrested Royall Kellogg. She also said that since the murder he served a short sentence in the penitentiary, and while there wrote to her not to say anything about the murder, and particularly to his attorney. A detective visited her during the first trial, but she was

afraid to tell him anything. She says she will not go to Syracuse unless compelled to.

Since Greenfield is to hang December 12th, and this information, if true, will save him and prove him innocent, it would be pertinent that the authorities be informed concerning it. A telegram has been sent from here to Judge Daniels, who sentenced Greenfield, but no answer has been returned up to this writing.

A MARVELOUS REGION.

One of Untold Wealth Beyond the Dreams of Avarice, But Which Every One Feels to Explore.

About a dozen miles from the famous Twin Lakes, which are the wonder of this continent in regard to scenery, and perhaps twenty-five miles from the magic city of Leadville, the traveler on the road to the new mining district surrounding Independence Gulch comes to a clear, sinuous little stream known as Half-Moon Creek. It tears down the eastern slope of the great divide, through beds of snows whose undermost layer has never felt the warm rays of the sun, and over grassy plots where fragrant and delicious flowers are nursed in the mountain storms. Follow its course downward and it will lose itself in Lake Creek, which feeds the Twins mentioned, and by following it up perhaps an hour's ride from where the road strikes the creek, it is lost sight of in Half-Moon Canon, through whose overhanging pines and cliffs the sun's rays never fall to

THE SHADOWED WATERS.

The mouth of the canon is barrel-shaped, and the entrance over the first hundred yards is made by swinging from one rock to another in the stream by means of overhanging boughs and branches. At every step the scene becomes more enchanting, the luxuriant undergrowth at times reaching nearly to the water's edge, and again quite shutting out the view a few rods to the front. The enchanted explorer on coming to these parts might readily believe that he had reached the end, were it not for the music of the waters, which may be heard seemingly miles away, coursing down through the shadowed cavern, all sound being thrown out through the canon to its mouth. When in about the distance named the canon opens out twice the size of that portion of it now passed, and on the right bank the traveler comes to a trail, which ends at a great boulder here, but is well defined as it reaches into the canon, as if made by the constant tread of an armed sentinel whose duty it might be to

HALT ALL INTRUDERS FROM BELOW.

In this break in the canon, and for perhaps another hundred yards, the trail has been followed by the gold-seeker and huntsman, when both are turned back through absolute fear of what may be found beyond. The trail is all well beaten at this point, as over the part passed, but again the pines overhang the canon, the stream widens and the traveler loses his determination to retrace further.

More than one man, professing greater courage than those who had gone before, has gained this point, wondered at what might be unfolded to him, and, like the rest, retraced his steps, congratulating himself that he was allowed unmolested to return. Some say that it is inhabited only by bears and mountain lions, and that the beaten path has been made by them to the great boulder, where it ends, and that these wild beasts are now, and perhaps always have been, virtual

PRISONERS WITHIN THEIR OWN GROUNDS.

A gentleman who has lately visited the wonderful and unknown canon was interviewed by a reporter for the *Chronicle*. Like, perhaps, a hundred others, he went to see and perhaps discover the unknown beyond, but his heart failed him, and he was quite satisfied to hear related the strange stories of those who had made bold enough to reach the point named. This gentleman was told that miners had brought out quartz picked from the sides of the canon, which contained more gold than rock; that many of them believed that its walls were made of such stuff, yet no one was bold enough to pass on to ascertain the truth, because of the stories told in regard to the canon.

Another story which appalls the traveler is to the effect that the James boys use this canon as a COVER AND HIDING-PLACE.

One man has positively asserted that while prospecting upon the summit of a mountain that overlooks the break in the canon he saw an armed sentinel pacing to and fro over the trail. At first sight he thought the person to be a hunter, but as his strange movements attracted his attention, he made close watch, and is sure that the man's business there was that of a guard, and is ready to swear to not only this part of the story, but that at one time he observed two men there, and that he believes it was the purpose of the second to relieve the first from duty. Whether these stories be true or false, one thing is certain, no man to-day can be driven or coaxed for a greater distance than about three hundred yards through Half-Moon Canon.

Killed For a Woman.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Oct. 27.—There is a great deal of excitement in this city this afternoon over a murder that occurred in Bingham Canon late Saturday night. Alex. Moore, a gambler, killing John Kemple, Jr., time-keeper at the Old Telegraph mine. The trouble arose over a woman. Moore surrendered to a constable, but a mob of miners pressed so hotly that the constable let the prisoner go, the latter coming alone to this city, twenty-five miles, and again surrendered. To-day one hundred and fifty Telegraph miners came to the funeral of Kemple. Loud threats were made that Moore will be taken from the penitentiary and lynched. The warden will probably put on an extra guard to-night. A special train carried the indignant miners back to Bingham late this evening.

Policeman Murdered By a Negro.

ATCHISON, KAN., Oct. 27.—Lewis Chem, the policeman who was shot by a negro yesterday forenoon died to-day.

THE BOSS BODY-CARVER.

A Man Out of a Job Applies to the Faculty of a Medical College for the Position and Demonstrates His Fitness for It.

The faculty of a certain medical college of this city says a reporter of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, were sitting in solemn conclave upon the momentous question of whom to appoint Demonstrator of Anatomy. It was nearly midnight when a tall, lank, cadaverous fellow, with clothes yellowed with age, hair unkempt, wild eye, and shaggy beard of that unfortunate straw color that could not make up its mind to be red out and out, stealthily entered the room, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"Y's, we must come to a decision to-night. The vat is full of pickled stiffs, all in first-class order, spoiling for the knives and scalpels of the Demonstrator. The town is full of students, the weather is growing colder, and Dr. Morton, the grave-robbler, writes that he has some splendid specimens that he wants to get off his hands," said one of the professors.

SKELTONS HUNG AROUND THE WALLS.

They were mixed up with grinning teeth and hollow eye-orbits. Several bloody aprons lay in a heap in a corner, two or three rickety chairs, and in front of the professors stood a long, narrow table on which was evidently a stiff, covered with a sort of rubber cloth. A queer smell pervaded the room, not unlike that of chili ride of lime, and the professors smoked, while a huge pot, containing, probably, a leg or a thigh, or the skull of some body-snatched victim, slowly simmered in an iron cauldron over a roaring fire in the open grate.

The stranger took it all in, advanced and stepped behind the table. Had a ghost arisen through the floor, or the half-dissected body on the table risen up and stood before them, their surprise could not have been greater.

"Who are you? What do you mean by this intrusion?" asked one of the boldest of the faculty.

"Reckon as how you'en doesn't know me. Well, I'm the boss body-chopper in America; can hack, hew, pickle and brine more stiffs in less time and in better manner than any living man.

"DON'T CARE WHERE HE COMES FROM."

"Are you a physician, sir?"

"Never mind. I've just had a ten-year job over in old Kentucky, and I finished it up last week up in Carter county, cleaning out the Underwood gang, and I done it, don't you forget it, and as cold weather is coming on I thought I'd come to town and show the young lads as wants to be doctors how to do it."

With that he proceeded to remove the covering off the stiff.

"Stop that, sir. This thing has gone far enough," cried several of the professors, advancing toward the uncouth customer.

"Oh, no. Set right down, gents," exclaimed the fellow, at the same time drawing forth from his right boot leg a ten-inch butcher's cleaver, sharp as a razor, and from his left side a terrific-looking seven-shooter. "I come to talk business, and I mean it."

"What do you mean by this infernal impudence? Are you crazy? Gentlemen, let us step to the door and call an officer."

"Oh, no, you don't get out; I've got the key," drawing it out from his pocket before the eyes of the astonished and bested professors.

What could they do? None of them were armed; professors never go armed. They submitted because they could not help it, expecting to see the greatest outrage ever

PERPETRATED IN A DISSECTING-ROOM.

The stranger threw off his coat, pulled out a twist of tobacco, bit off a good chew and threw the cloth off the stiff.

"Ah, it's on its back, I see. Well, some'er you fellows must 'a' begun on this job before, and butchered up the upper limb, lower limb, head and neck within the past four days; so there's nothing left but the thorax and abdomen. Well, I'll take the thorax—that's the box that holds the organs of respiration and circulation, a sort of vitality ice-box," and he pulled out a horn-bladed knife, the cutting edge of which was rounded toward the extremity, so as to form a curve, and rubbing it several times across the palm of his hand, parenthetically observed: "This is the fellow I dismembered the Underwoods with. Oh! it's seen service." He laid his tobacco twist at the head of the table and said: "Well, I'll begin on the parietes or walls of the box, sort of zinc lining, you know. This thorax is a conical-shaped cavity, contains lungs, heart, aorta, pulmonary artery, vena cava, thoracic, &c. I'll show you first the external intercostal, or between the ribs muscles, and, cutting away one of them from the intercostal spaces, show you the dissection of the internal muscles beneath.

"Her, look, are six upper spaces. They contain the intercostal nerves, between the muscles and the intercostal arteries, each with its collateral branches running along the upper border of the rib below. Look at the anastomoses of the arteries and internal mammary. Take left side, cut off the cartilages; see

THE COURSE OF THE ARTERY.

We divide the costal cartilages of the other side, remove the ribs and adjacent pleura or membrane that lines the thorax cavities. When it gets inflamed don't it make a man catch his breath, though! See the interior border of each pleural sac, and the extent of the interval between the two borders of the two sacs. It is the anterior mediastinum, membranous partition that divides the two sections of Mr. Thorax." Grasping the windpipe he blew up the lungs to show how far they extended below the ribs and diaphragm in breathing. Next he grabbed a saw and ran it through the manubrium, and removed it, displaying the triangular sterni muscle and internal mammary artery. Then several more of the ribs he nipped across on a level with those above them. Next he raised the lungs, and taking an old pocket-handkerchief, wiped out all impurities in the cavities.

"Well, this fellow was a healthy chap," as he dipped his fingers into him. "No adhesion. Look at

the lungs blown up and collapsed. Mind there's three lobes in the right; only two in the left. See form and position of lobes, difference and height of breadth and form of anterior border. Look at the phrenic nerve; next comes nervi phrenici. I'll follow it up and show that at the upper part of the chest it crosses the trunk of the artery. Look at the left innominate vein, where I have taken a piece of brown-colored fat, all that's left of the thymus gland; as it crosses the branches of the aortic arch and unites the right to form the vena cave superior. I'll dissect these veins out and branches joining them, inferior thyroid, internal mammary and superior intercostals, and also the great vena axillos.

"Now you can see the transverse part of the arch of the aorta and the innominate left common carotid and left subclavian arteries

COMING OFF FROM IT

Now let me lift up and turn aside left lung and see continuation of the arch into the descending aorta; now cross the arch between the origins of the left common carotid and left subclavian artery and you see the left pneumogastric nerve, and underneath it the cardiac branch of the pneumogastric in the neck. I'll cut out the origin of the recurrent laryngeal branch of the pneumogastric, turning around the branch of the aorta as well as the cardiac branches given off from the recurrent laryngeal, and underneath the nerve you find a tough substance, call it the ductus arteriosus. Let's follow down the main trunk of the left pneumogastric to the front of the root of the left lung anterior pulmonary plexus. Throw the lung forward and hook it. See the course of the pneumogastric, and the branches that go back to the root of the lung, the filaments joining them from the thoracic ganglia of the sympathetic nerve to form the posterior pulmonary plexus. Now I can go on in a forward direction and show the constituents of the root of the lung from above down to the left pulmonary artery, bronchia and left pulmonary veins; also the left bronchial arteries given off from the aorta, and the left bronchial vein opening usually into the superior intercostal.

"Now I'll go backward, strip the pleura from the aorta, and from the back part of the thoracic wall and the sympathetic ganglionic chain, lying on the neck of the ribs, dissect out, as well as the great splanchnic nerve which arises by separate origins from different ganglia from between

FIFTH TO NINTH RIB.

Note the double connection of each ganglion with the corresponding spinal nerve. I'll cut away the fat tissue from back part of intercostal spaces, and show intercostal nerves and arteries, and also trace the lower veins into the left vena axillos. Gentlemen, I have finished the left lung. It is not necessary for me to go on with the right, so I'll reple the left in its position. I could go on with the heart with its uncles and its ventricles and oesophagus, and have done with the thorax. Then I could take up the abdomen and pelvis, and I think this old chap would be pretty well hacked up. Gentlemen, has my butchery of the stiff been a good one? If so, appoint me demonstrator. I'll be ready to commence work Monday morning, bright and early. Fact is, I'm out of a job, butchering stiffs for the benefit of science suits me." He took his old twist of tobacco from the dissecting table, bit off a good piece, put on his coat and hat, and said "Doctors, good-bye; I'll be on hand early Monday morning," unlocked the door, and was gone.

"Gentlemen," said one of the professors, "was that man a ghost, or have we been smoking opium or hashish in our cigars, and just dozed off in a pleasant dream of the delights of the dissecting-room?"

Steubenville's Spicy Scandal.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Oct. 25.—Some months since a widow came to this city and opened out a boarding house at the Imperial Restaurant on South Fourth street. Among her boarders were J. A. Megargee, a life insurance agent, and W. K. Vangilder, a tailor, employed at William May's merchant tailoring establishment. It seems that no great amount of good will existed between these two men, the cause of which no one knows, and Vangilder furnished information to the correspondent of a *Pittsburg Sunday paper*, which led to the publication of an article last Sunday week, intimating that an insurance agent and a widow of this city were guilty of indiscreet conduct, but mentioning no names.

Megargee at once applied the article to himself and his landlady, and fixed on Vangilder as the instigator of it. Accordingly, he caused the widow to send for the tailor to come into the parlor, and when he arrived Megargee confronted him and bull-dozed him, so he asserts, into making affidavit before Justice Spence that the information he is alleged to have furnished the correspondent was false. Megargee took this affidavit and published it in the *Herald*, of this city, and Vangilder's ire was immediately aroused, and he asserted that everything in the article was true, and entered suit against Megargee, charging him with defamation in connection with the widow. The hearing took place Friday evening, and the insurance man was required to enter into \$300 bond to answer at the next term of the Probate Court. Immediately afterward Megargee went before Mayor Irwin and made affidavit, charging Vangilder with malicious libel, and he was bound over until Monday in the sum of \$500, when the trial will take place.

A Plea of Self Defense.

URBANA, ILL., Oct. 27.—The trial of Captain J. M. Tracy for the murder of Alva H. Whitcomb, Aug. 11, last, was sent to-day by Judge Smith for trial Monday, Nov. 10. Mr. Tracy was arraigned before Judge Smith last Tuesday to answer to the indictment for the murder of Mr. Whitcomb, and he pleaded not guilty under the indictment. The defense will be that the killing was done in self-defense.

ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 27.—A countryman named Anderson had a fight with a negro to-day, and, after a desperate struggle, drew a revolver and killed the negro.



CHARLES F. FREEMAN, THE RECENTLY INDICTED FANATICAL MURDERER OF HIS CHILD; FOUGASSET, MASS.

have been administered by John Scannell to James W. Bell, the Fifth avenue tailor. Mr. Bell ranks among the sporting classes of the city. He owns the somewhat well-known race horses Franklin and Dan K., and is generally on hand whenever an important sporting event is to take place. A few days since Mr. Scannell was walking down Fourth avenue, and on the corner of Twenty-fourth street he encountered Bell. He was accompanied by two ladies, who were elegantly dressed. Scannell, it is alleged, stepped up and grabbed Bell by the collar of his coat. Then, turning to the two ladies, he said, "Ladies, you will excuse me, but I am going to chastise this man for insulting my wife." The ladies stepped back, and then Scannell, addressing himself to Bell, said, "You are a dirty blackguard, and you know it. If you've got a pistol about you, you had better draw it, for I'm going to give you a good whipping."

By this time a crowd of some fifty persons had assembled around the two men. Bell attempted to excuse himself. He said that he was drunk at the time of the insult to Mrs. Scannell, and that if the husband desired it he would make an apology. "Drunkenness is no excuse for insulting a lady," said Scannell, as he raised his Irish black-thorn cane and began to

fact that the two ladies with whom Bell had been walking stood looking on calmly during the thrashing, and then said, it is alleged, that Bell had been served right.

Threatening a Priest.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 23.—The crowds of Archbishop Purcell's creditors, which daily assemble in the vicinity of the Cathedral and Archbishop's residence, have become more demonstrative of late, and are urgent in their demands for their money, and berate the Cathedral priests for not paying them. The doors have been several times kicked and battered by the crowd, and Father Quinn has twice been violently assaulted by men who forced themselves into his room. One assailant came with a large boulder in each hand, and another with a revolver, threatening death unless their money was produced. The priest in each instance forcibly ejected his visitor.

Murder Suspected.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 25.—A mystery which may develop into a murder was discovered to-night. It involves the spiriting away of Willie Hansel, a four-



ALLEN PELUMERSFELT, A YOUTHFUL DEFAULTER, WANTED AT HAMILTON, CANADA, FOR A HEAVY EMBEZZLEMENT.

Beggars Made to Order.

Several weeks ago the Italian consul in this city was informed that a large party of mendicants was to be shipped to this port. He informed the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Superintendent Jackson of Castle Garden. The Celtic, which arrived from Liverpool on the 25th, brought a number of suspicious-looking Italians. Among them were old men and many young children. Officer Chiardi of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was sent for, and he and Superintendent Jackson watched the party. Two of the old men were dwarfs. They were met by a young Italian, who gave his name as Lorooco Broico, who claimed to be their nephew by marriage, and lives in Chicago. He paid their passage over, \$40 for each. One was aged sixty, the other seventy years. It was learned that the two old men had been brought over under a contract with their nephew to do whatever he wished them to do. They said they were formerly monks in the monastery of St. Francis near Lauransana, Italy. When one of them spoke of the contract under which they were bound to Broico, he remarked, *sotto voce*, "You — boast what for you speak of that." Several boys were examined, and Sanfrisco de Rossa, whose reputed father from Chicago claimed him, was held. Simon Curriak, the father of the four uncared-for Hebrew children, who came to Castle Garden early in the week, was there on the 24th, and said he would take the eldest one but could not care for the others.

A Sporting Man's Dilemma.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A decided sensation has been caused in sporting circles in this city over an alleged thrashing said to

belabor the tailor about the legs. After dealing about a dozen blows Scannell paused and asked Bell whether he was going to defend himself. The answer of the tailor was an attempt to escape and run away. Scannell caught him by the coat-tails and thrashed him again. Then, with a parting blow over the head, which broke the cane, Scannell released his grasp, and Bell ran into a lager beer saloon amid the jeers of the crowd which had witnessed the castigation.

The cruel feature of the whole proceeding was the

teen-year-old boy, and heir to \$30,000 left him by his mother, who died at Longview Asylum, Oct. 3rd. Mrs. Hansel was a woman of bad reputation, and at one time kept a house of prostitution, in which business she made her money. She has a brother, one Fred Birchsell, who is also a bad lot. After Mrs. Hansel's death Birchsell boasted that nothing stood between him and her money but a frail boy's life. Now that the lad has disappeared it is feared he has been killed.

blue blood, as Massie, it is reported, is related to Stonewall Jackson. He is a member of the firm of Marfield & Massie, of Chillicothe, and is said to be well educated.

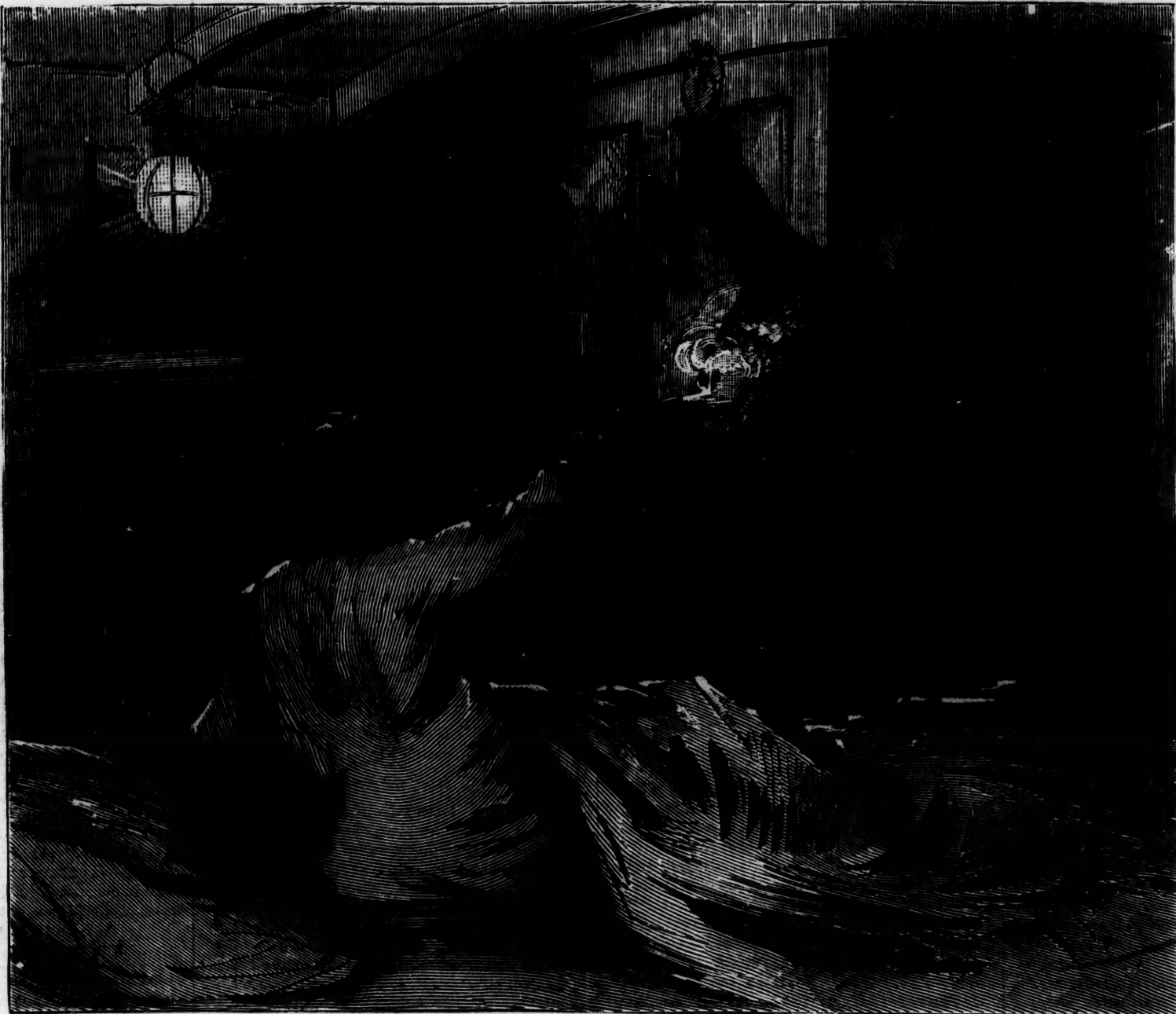
The religious dramatic company which was to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in churches only under sanction of Mrs. Stowe, collapsed, it is alleged, after an engagement in Chicago, Ill., leaving the performers unpaid.

A Queer Matrimonial Affair.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Oct. 25.—Thursday afternoon all the fly element of the city was set agog with interest by the marriage ceremony performed in Squire Day's office, in which Thomas Massie, of Chillicothe, Ohio, was the groom, and Josie Walden, a handsome young woman of this city, was bride. Both were richly dressed, and were driven in a carriage to the depot, whence they left for home.

Massie is said to be a wealthy grain dealer of Chillicothe, where he has an elevator, and another at Columbus. He is thirty years old and good-looking. The girl has been living in Chillicothe on terms of intimacy with Massie for two years, but left him recently and came here to the arms of an Evansville friend. Massie knocked at her door early Monday morning, and found his rival there. He came in and apologized, saying he was going away at noon and wanted to talk with her. He sat down and the rival rose, excused himself for dressing before him and departed. The marriage followed.

The girl is of respectable parentage in Kentucky, came here and served behind the counter of a fruit-stand, whence she lapsed to sin. She is extremely stylish and handsome, but cares nothing for Massie, and has continually left him. She is said to get \$100,000 and



A NIGHT ADVENTURE WITH RIVER PIRATES—MATE JOHN NEWMAN'S OFF-HAND SHOT AT A GANG OF MASKED DOCK THIEVES, WHO HAD BOARDED HIS VESSEL WITH BURGLARIOUS INTENT, OFF RED HOOK POINT, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 3.



FATHER QUINN ASSAULTED IN HIS HOUSE BY A GANG OF RUFFIANS CLAIMING TO BE CREDITORS OF ARCHBISHOP PURCELL; CINCINNATI, O.



THE SLIGHT INTERRUPTION TO MR. BELL'S CONVERSATION WITH HIS LADY FRIENDS, FOR WHICH MR. SCANNELL EXCUSED HIMSELF TO THE LATTER; NEW YORK CITY.

Lively Row Between a Mute Couple.

[Subject of Illustration.]
GREENSBURG, Ind., Oct. 20.—Elizabeth and John Goodwin are deaf and dumb, and have grown gray as man and wife; but their family jars would shame to death the loudest speaking couple in a very short time. John accused Elizabeth of marital infidelity the other day. He will hardly ever do it again, though. She first tried to brain him with an ax; but failing in this, knocked him down and bound him to the floor, and scalded his neck with hot coffee. He burst his bonds and retaliated by blacking her eye. She arose, and with Amazonian strength smote him with a stick of wood, laying him out. She then had him jailed and fined for assault this afternoon, but failed to have him bound over to keep the peace.

Elizabeth will have nothing more to do with her liege lord, and will sue for divorce. John will resist, but will show her relations with two well-known gentlemen of this city, so he says, and in the event of the success of his wife's suit he will ascend the golden elevation by "pizen." The suit, if brought, will develop an unusual amount of nastiness. Both are rather aged, and should know better.

A Sickening Spectacle.

[Subject of Illustration.]
A handcart propelled by two men drove up to the New York Medical University, in East Twenty-sixth street, about 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening, 21st, and while the men were endeavoring to lift it over the curbstone to the sidewalk it tilted and three nude dead bodies were dumped into the gutter. The men took hold of the bodies and separately dragged them across the sidewalk inside a close iron gate leading to a yard of the University building. The bodies had been procured at the Morgue for the purpose of dissection and were being transferred to the dissecting room of the Medical University, when, owing to the carelessness of the attendants, they were thrown on the street. Yesterday several people who reside in the neighborhood took practical steps to put a stop to the recurrence of such an inhuman exhibition. Mr. Thomas Bent, of the firm of S. Bent & Son, of 414 East Twenty-sixth street, and Mr. H. Adams,



HOW A MUTE COUPLE MADE MUSIC FOR THEIR NEIGHBORS—MRS. GOODWIN, A DEAF AND DUMB AMAZON, BINDS HER HUSBAND TO THE FLOOR AND SCALDS HIM WITH HOT COFFEE; GREENSBURG, IND.

sent in the following complaint to the faculty: "We, the undersigned, respectfully request that you will take such steps as are, in your judgment, necessary to prevent a repetition of the occurrence of yesterday afternoon at 6 o'clock, when three nude dead bodies were dumped into the gutter and dragged therefrom across the sidewalk to the University yard." Upon the above complaint being received and considered, the faculty at once dismissed the employees who were responsible for the accident.

The Riddle Poisoning Case.

NORWICH, Conn., Oct. 25.—Much excitement was occasioned in this city this afternoon by the dispatch in the New York newspapers announcing the discovery by Prof. Johnson of traces of arsenic in the

body of Mrs. Julia Riddle, wife of William B. Riddle, who is in jail in this city on a charge of poisoning his wife. The truth of the report was confirmed later in the day by Prosecutor George O. Ripley, who visited New Haven yesterday and had communication with Prof. Johnson. Col. Ripley said to the correspondent that he accompanied Prof. Johnson to the laboratory in New Haven and saw the arsenical traces obtained from an analysis of a very small portion of Mrs. Riddle's stomach. In consequence of Prof. Johnson's connection with the Hayden case, he has had no time to make a more extended examination. "Tracings of arsenic obtained by that test were very strong," said the Prosecutor, "and to my unscientific eye showed the presence of a much larger quantity than any test in the Cobb-Bishop analysis. No other poison than

that the New York Illustrated *POISON GAZETTE* had portraits of him and wife last week, and Riddle said, with a smile: "Is that so? I should like to see them."

When Riddle's case comes into court it will make the fifth murder trial in this county during the last two years.

Milton Benner, late cashier of the Citizens' Savings Bank, of New Orleans, La., who had given bonds to answer criminal charges, was surrendered on the 22nd by his bondsmen and sent to the Parish Prison. It is alleged that Benner overdraw his account some \$17,000 a short time before the bank, of which he was the principal manager, suspended.



A SICKENING EXHIBITION OF DISSECTING ROOM BARBARITY—THREE NUDE DEAD BODIES TUMBLED INTO THE STREET BY CARELESS CARRIERS, ON THE WAY FROM THE MORGUE TO THE MEDICAL UNIVERSITY; NEW YORK CITY.

THE MURDER IN THE MORGUE!

A New York Story of Crime and Mystery.

BY SARA GOLDTHWAITE.

Author of "THE MASKED BEAUTY," "DRIVEN TO HER DOOM," "THE STUDENT'S SWEETHEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued.)

The keeper could hardly defend himself against this madman, whom he did not recognize. He was injured by the knife and fell, wounded in the shoulder, calling for help. The false Benard, believing he had killed him, sprang against the bars of the grating, trying to escape. "Tom Dark," cried he, "come and deliver me. I have killed him this time!"

The attendants of the hospital came running out and tied the madman, who pushed in vain against the strong grating. Although well secured, they had great trouble to get the knife from him. He kept pointing to the dead-room.

"Leave me! leave me!" repeated he. "He is living—I saw him—I will kill him!" And he laughed a nervous, jerky laugh.

Then the constant pre-occupation of his life, Irene, presented herself to his mind, and he added in a more gentle tone:

"Now, adored girl, you are mine forever! forever—forever!"

And he tried to throw himself upon his knees to supplicate an imaginary being.

Those who assisted at this strange and frightful scene could comprehend nothing. No one recognized this madman, who was dressed in the garb of a nurse of the hospital, except one doctor, who looked at him very attentively. It was the same doctor who, at the first visit of Vandyke to the hospital, had left him with such disgust. This doctor tried to recall him. Suddenly he remembered. "Let this man go," exclaimed he, "and remember what he says." The attendants, who were holding him, released Vandyke.

Then the wretch, still believing he was addressing Irene, became very tender.

"Yes," said he, "I have been guilty, criminal, infamous, but it was to possess you. I loved you so much! I loved you with a love so ardent, so passionate, that I recoiled before nothing—noting. No—for to have you forever I had you passed for dead; but your father came and discovered all. Then I had him pointed out as a madman; afterwards I accused Dr. Billings, who tried to expose me, and had him imprisoned. Ha! ha! ha! My father-in-law, too, tried to denounce me, and I killed him and cunningly accused the consul as being the assassin. Ha! ha! ha! The pistol I put in his pocket. Irene, I love you!"

And the monster continued to laugh.

The spectators listened in silence, while the doctor was taking notes.

Vandyke resumed, speaking always to an imaginary being:

"As if this was not enough, I caused the death, almost killed my wife, and assassinated the doctor twice."

"How was that?" demanded the physician in a low but firm voice.

"At first," answered the madman quietly, thinking no doubt in his hallucination that he was addressing the one he loved, "in taking in disguise the place of Jacob Oranger, and in throwing away the medicines intended for the doctor."

"And afterwards?"

"Afterwards," chuckled the wretch, "I stabbed him in the dead-room. Ha! ha! ha!"

Every one was filled with horror at this astounding revelation, and regarded the monster who was rolling at their feet without the least pity. It was Providence, no doubt, who permitted this man to avow all his crimes, for after his confession he relapsed into a furious delirium.

"The doctor! the doctor! There he is; he is living!" cried he. "Save me, Dark! My knife, that I killed him with!"

And, bound as he was, Vandyke tried to throw himself on those who surrounded him, to tear them with his teeth. It was necessary to gag him. When they subdued him the doctor said:

"Gentlemen, you can recall, if necessary, what this madman has been saying in his delirium, can you not?"

"Yes, yes," they all answered.

"Well, put this man in a secure place and watch over him until they come to take him."

The attendants removed Vandyke and placed him—where?

In the room adjoining the dead-room.

A keeper was established near him, and watched over the two bodies.

The day following the body of the doctor was piously interred in the cemetery by the physicians of the hospital, while at the same time a carriage was conveying Vandyke to the Plushing insane asylum.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK TO BACK.

While these things were happening at the hospital, Gaston, sweetheart of the missing Irene, led a miserable existence of vexation and despair.

He no longer attended to his duties at Staten Island, in fact, he had resigned the post, as he was in honor bound to do.

This did not trouble him, however, for he possessed influential friends and enjoyed besides a moderate income from property left him by his father.

He continued always the search after Irene, but only always to fail.

For days after a failure he would lock himself up in his rooms and become a prey to the deepest gloom.

He was utterly ignorant of the removal of the doctor from the Tombs, of Vandyke's ghastly attendance, of the terrible murder and subsequent insanity of the arch-conspirator in all this detestable plot.

The day following the funeral of the good doctor he was lying on his bed thinking only of Irene, when there came a knock at his door.

"Come in," said Gaston, mechanically.

An officer from the court entered and presented a letter. Gaston read it quickly. It was from the magistrate who had been appealed to at the beginning. He begged that Gaston would come immediately to the court where he was then sitting.

"Ah!" he cried, "at last the justice of God begins."

He set out immediately for the magistrate's. He found him waiting for him.

In a few words the magistrate told Gaston all that had happened.

The latter, after shedding some sincere tears over the deplorable fate of Dr. Billings, recalled to the magistrate what he had previously told him.

"Now, sir," said he, "that the confession of the wretch Vandyke agrees with my deposition, I hope you will give Mr. Birmingham his liberty."

The magistrate shook his head and explained that the matter was now in the hands of a much higher court. "I believe," answered he, "the truth of all that which you advance; but the judges cannot act on the simple evidence of a madman."

"But, sir, it is here a coincidence."

"I do not deny it, and it is even on account of this coincidence that I have summoned you."

"Then, that ends it," sighed Gaston, discouraged.

"Find some other proofs."

"You have already refused me the means I should like to employ."

"Formerly, yes; but in the actual circumstances—"

"Then, sir, I can count on your assistance? You will question this Dark of whom I have already spoken?"

"Mr. Gaston," replied the magistrate, "when you spoke to me about the clerk of Mr. Vandyke, I answered you that no suspicions, no proofs existed against this man, and that I could not order him to be brought here. Today I repeat the same thing."

"Well then?"

"Well, what is forbidden me to do, you can do."

"How?"

"With the assistance of the police. Here is a letter to the chief of police; he will help you out of these difficulties."

Gaston received the letter, and was about leaving, when the magistrate called him back.

"You are no doubt astonished," said he, "that I send for you on an affair which I had qualified as absurd."

"Yes, sir, I own I am."

"You will understand all on learning that I received a visit from one of the doctors at Bellevue Hospital."

"Ah!"

"This young man told me of his suspicions at the same time that he related what had passed at the hospital."

"And you are convinced that the false nurse is really Vandyke?"

"The identity has been proven."

"Have you not sought for other proofs?"

"Yes; but, as regards the kidnapping of Miss Irene, we have not been able to discover anything."

"Then I alone must act."

"Yes, sir; I have put you in a position to operate effectively."

Gaston, thanking the magistrate, soon went away. In a few minutes he arrived at Police headquarters, and gave to the chief the letters from the magistrate.

The chief took him immediately into his private office.

"Sir," said the chief, "from this letter, I imagine the business that brings you here is very serious?"

"Very grave, indeed, sir."

"To succeed, it is necessary that you put full confidence in me."

"I have complete confidence."

"Well, I wish you to tell me the affair from its beginning to the conclusion, so that I shall know what to do, and how to advise you effectively, afterwards."

"I am ready."

"I listen to you, sir."

On invitation, Gaston took a chair and drew near to the chief, to whom he related quickly, but completely, all the circumstances of the case. When he had finished, the chief seemed to be lost in thought.

"I think, as you," said he, "the clerk alone knows all; he must be made to speak."

"Oh! he will speak," said Gaston; "he promised me to in a month."

The chief shrugged his shoulders.

"He will tell nothing," said he, "if he can do otherwise."

"You believe so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then how is one to go to work?"

"By surprising Dark."

"That appears to me difficult."

"It will only be play for the one who accompanies you."

The chief rang a bell.

A boy appearing, he told him to send Mr. Ashton there.

Mr. Ashton soon made his appearance.

Certainly, if at first sight any one inspired respect and confidence, it was the private detective.

Ashton was a handsome man, of forty years, with a very intelligent face.

He had the sympathetic traits and frankness of an old military officer.

While the chief of police was instructing him what he had to do, Gaston waited in silence.

When the conference was over:

"Sir," said the detective, turning towards Gaston, "I am at your service."

The two men left the office of the chief, and jumped into a carriage that was standing near; Gaston gave orders to the driver to take them to the house in 2nd avenue. During the first part of the ride the two companions kept the most complete silence.

Ashton was the first to break it. He asked Gaston if he was sure of finding Dark at the house of Vandyke.

"No doubt of it," replied the young man, "since he is his own employer."

"Well, I, myself, think that he is not there."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"No."

"The devil!" said Ashton, and then added in an undertone: "Men like him certainly have a place where they know where to find their companions."

Gaston, who heard this remark, soon recalled the gin-mill in Centre street, and he told the detective, who ordered the driver to take them to that place.

A short time after the carriage stopped at the place indicated.

Gaston was right; Dark was in the saloon, alone, and appeared to be waiting for some one. The proprietor, who advanced on seeing the door open, returned quickly to his counter on seeing Ashton.

Like all individuals who keep such establishments, he had some secret acquaintance with the police.

Not hearing the proprietor make his customary offers, Dark, who was reading a paper, raised his head and appeared disagreeably surprised on seeing Gaston in company with a stranger. He assured no good from this rencontre. At the same time he feigned not to see the new-comers, and plunged again into his reading.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. B. WAKEFIELD, who figured extensively in the Grand Jury investigation in St. Louis, of the alleged connection of one or more Police Commissioners with the Gamblers' Ring, and who used the name of Gov. Phelps with great freedom, and claimed acquaintance and intimacy with other prominent and influential gentlemen, was convicted on the 29th of perjury, and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

Private Gaming Establishments where High Play Goes on in a Respectable Atmosphere.

ADVANTAGE OF KNOWING DRAW POKER.

The Conscientious Young Man who Lost His Money and Still Frowned on the Practice.

A WOMAN'S MILLINERY-CARD CLUB

By PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

A friend of mine used to surprise me by the elaborate nature of his dress and the untailing yield of his pocket money.

It wasn't, of course, a remarkable thing to be well appareled and to always possess a \$20 bill; but the singular part of it was that, while enjoying no income, while being in the receipt of no set sum from lawyers and trustees, he nevertheless did no work, didn't toil, didn't spin, but laid away over Solomon on suits of clothes, shoes, hats, gloves, canes, etc.

So I said to him one day in my usual romantic manner: "Prithce, my brave boy, how is it that you do this thing? Give me the office. The wink, tip him to me. I would fain the labor give him up, the shovel and the hoe, throw them down."

So he took me into a place where they sold May wine, a charmingly seductive beverage with strawberries floating about it, and gave me the points. I shall quote his exact words as near as I can recall them:

"You know," he began, "that I have nice rooms up town, and that no one bothers me in the house. Some of my married gentlemen friends and a few bachelor acquaintances like a quiet game of draw-poker occasionally, say one night in a week. They can't play very well at their homes on account of their wives, who always imagine that when a man bets a dollar on a card, provided there is a brandy decanter near, he is going straight to the devil."

"In this dreary desert of despair my rooms loom up as an oasis. I have plenty of liquor. I have cards, and a set of regular red, white and blue chips. So they form a little club, after getting my permission, and on Saturday evenings we play. Owing to the wear and tear of the apartment—for they all get drunk—and the cost of the rum, I am allowed a certain small percentage of the pools."

He stopped as if he had finished. I looked up and saw him gazing intently at the ceiling.

"But that doesn't account for a life of gorgeous idleness, for going about like an animated fashion plate, and for always being flush."

"Well, you know, Paul," he added, slowly, "that I never drink anything on such occasions but sherry?"

"Yes."

"And that I am a pretty good poker player? Fortune seems to smile on me."

"Not always."

"No; but I am tolerably sure of her gracious countenance when I have the deal. It's a mere coincidence, of course, but it's a remarkable one."

The ideas gained over two or three glasses of May wine explained to me the existence of several other gentlemen whom I knew, and by pursuing the subject I found that there was then—it was only last spring—as there is now, a perfect system of private gambling in this city, which seems an appalling spectacle of sin when considered in the aggregate.

I do not refer to the clubs. I belong to several of those seductive institutions, and know that the most solid of them are houses of cards. But I allude to private houses, or elegant rooms like those of my friend, where it is possible to hear the rat-tat tat of the roulette ball and the click of the faro checks. In many instances there is no idea of the gentleman who backs the game making a cent out of it. He is content with the natural mathematical advantages. Quite frequently, too, the dealer is changed every night. The prime object is to have a den where the tiger can be fought without the noise of the combat reaching the ears of the outside world.

By special invitation I was present during the summer at one of the sittings. The lady of the house, with her children, was at Newport, where the husband couldn't join her on account of having to take off at night an account of stock at the store. At least that is what he wrote in the postscript of one of his letters.

The players met at dinner, the expense of which was mutually contributed. It was a fine dinner, with at least two quarts of the "widow" to each man.

In this prime and primed condition we began to play, selecting the library for that purpose. I went in for \$10 worth of chips, just out of courtesy to the host, and with a sneaking desire, which a man always possesses under such circumstances, to pay for my dinner.

I knew I had no staying qualities that would compare with those of the jolly old bucks about me, and soon let myself out of the game.

Then I took a glass of brandy, and getting a book, sought the corner of a luxurious sofa that had been wheeled up near a shaded lamp.

I fell asleep, and when I awoke the grey of the morning was coming through the windows. The lamps and gas jets, mixed with the daylight, gave a spectral hue to the apartment and to the baggy faces of the men, who, with blood-shot eyes and feverish hands, were still bending over the cards.

They knocked off at nine o'clock and we had breakfast. But how different from the dinner. Even the winners were cross and snappy. One young man breakfasted on brandy alone, and left the house hurriedly.

He had lost \$1,500 during the night—his savings for years toward marriage. He had filled up a check on the bank where he kept his account, for the amount, and had then rushed from the house to do what?

To commit suicide?

No, my friends, not to commit suicide.

This was a pious young man who had been brought up to believe that it was wicked to take one's life.

He resolved to bear the burden as best he could.

What did he do upon emerging from the house that had been the scene of his ruin?

He went to a barber's shop, got dosed with bay rum, and then jumping into a coupe, reached the bank just as the paying teller was letting down his little glass win dow.

That pious young man drew another check for \$1,498.78, and got the money. He was married that afternoon.

But if you want to hear a man inveigh against the evils

of gambling; if you want to listen to an eloquent denunciation of the vice, go up to his little Harlem flat and take tea with him.

No gambling there.

"There isn't a card in the house," says the wife; "John won't even play 'old maid.'"

"No, sir," John hotly answers, "it's a terrible mania, and is dangerous in its humblest disguise."

In the meantime the winner of the \$1,500 has still in his possession a check for that amount.

It is a pretty check, with the vignette of a handsome woman in the corner, and a regulation revenue stamp on it.

But there is one peculiar thing about it; some one has stamped across the face "no funds."

Short card games are naturally the mode in private houses, but there are respectable members of society here, who give largely to all charitable purposes, who are so fond of the sport that they have regular faro lay-outs, keno wheels and other expensive machinery.

I, myself, have sat in the parlor of a sugar merchant, who is one of the most responsible men in the business, played keno at 25 cents a card with his wife and daughters, and gentlemen, who, like myself, had dropped in for the evening.

"There can't be any harm in it, can there be, Mr. Prowler?" asked of me a pretty miss of some sixteen winters and four Saratoga summers.

I said not the slightest. It's the correct thing to say. "I knew it all along," she continued; "it's too much like 'Lotto' to be wicked."

But all the same you see your quarters disappear, and I never knew a person who had gone broke on "keno" derive much consolation from its resemblance to Lotto.

It's a good game, however, to play when women take a hand. If it is euchre or whist, at so much a corner, the average male player is fool enough in a chivalric sense to let the little dears win.

But at keno you are safe, because it's a community fighting for a pool.

It must not be imagined that New York does not possess establishments where ladies can gamble real hard.

Just as there are dressmaking shops where sherry helps on the tight fit, and sends a woman home with fire in her eyes and Satan astraddle of her tongue, so there are gaming resorts for ladies—for ladies, mind you—exclusively.

One of them, the most prominent, has been but lately broken up.

It was a gigantic affair, run by a firm of man milliners.

They did a tremendous business with the best people in town. Stylish turn-outs were always at their doors.

The rooms up-stairs, over the immense sales and fitting apartments, were fitted up luxuriously and evidently by a female upholsterer with a good eye for color and effect in the drapery and pictures.

No one could enter these chambers save by a pass-key obtainable down-stairs under the rose.

There was never any noise. All the servants were women who could be trusted. And there the fair ones gambled to their heart's content, playing against each other with a recklessness that you rarely see in men.

Many a woman has been forced to cancel an order down stairs owing to the unfortunate run of the cards.

As I said, this place was broken up, and in what I consider a mean manner. The scamp of a journalist who made the exposure should have remembered that all work and no play—cards makes the woman a dull girl.

But he didn't. Having got an inkling of the fact, he saw only the sensation article within his grasp.

It was of course utterly impossible for him, in his personality, to obtain any information.

You might as well attempt to smuggle a steamship stoker into the sub-committee appointed by Sorosis to determine how long a dutiful wife should mourn for a husband who never earned over \$5,000 a year.

So he utilized his sweet-heart.

She got into the confidence of one of the club, and on one occasion was admitted, under guarantee, to the rooms.

She was a close observer, and had a quick ear. All she heard and saw she gave dead away to the journalistic miscreant, who not only published a full account of the games, the money lost, but gave a list of the names of those who were present.

Great grief! maybe there wasn't trouble in some families on Murray Hill! Husbands began to understand why a costume that used to cost \$150 was now worth \$500.

All this is shameful. I do not believe in exposing petty foibles of pretty women. Their brutes of husbands play billiards for drinks down town, buy lottery tickets, and belong to draw-poker societies. Why should they not divert themselves?

If I had a wife I would rather she lost my money playing cards with a woman than that she should save it by taking luncheon at the expense of a gentleman.

And we shouldn't throw stones anyhow. We should remember that no matter how humble our homes may be, there is a good deal of the Crystal Palace about all of them.

Another species of semi-private gambling is the hotel "racket."

A man with the capital approaches the proprietor of the house—the one I have in my mind now used to be in Courtland street—and arranges for a couple of rooms.

"For what purpose?"

"Business purposes"—and they are explained.

"I shall have to charge you more than schedule rates."

"I am willing to pay them."

Under these circumstances the game is opened. Salesmen stopping at the hotel, and down-town merchants and clerks are the patrons.

To go into an Ann street, or a Barclay street day-game is to become a marked man. But to walk into a reputable hotel,

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE LUNCH FIEND.

A Man of Soup-erior Tastes, Who Is Always More or Less in a Stew.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

[Written expressly for the Police Gazette.]

The lunch fiend is always a man who has seen better days. It is true that he has seen them a long while ago, but the genuineness of the apparition cannot be impugned. You can tell that by the way he puts mustard on a bit of cheese, or uses his spoon in adding the warm bean soup to the forces of his somewhat gaudy composition.

True gentility is noticeable in every movement; while watching him you are sure that you behold the wreck of a former gorgeous life, and there steals over you that peculiar sensation which you experience in Greece when you stand among the moonlit pillars of some famous ruin. Not that there is any moonshine about the lunch fiend. He is a practical man, and terribly in earnest.

The particular fiend whom I wish to describe, and in whom I have taken a sort of proprietary interest, is met whenever business or pleasure calls me through the drinking places of Nassau street, Beekman street and Park row. He is tall and cadaverous, reminding one of Don Quixote in a particularly hard-up condition.

His seedy black coat, which shines like an octogenarian fish, is buttoned close to the throat. Sometimes it is pinned. His battered hat always has the semblance of having been brushed a long time the wrong way, the mistake having been rectified partially by a liberal application of melted butter or stove polish.

He manages to cling to an eye-glass, fastened about his neck by a piece of black cord strongly reminiscent of a shoe string, and when in conversation with you upon national politics, or some kindred subject, this eye-glass is twirled with all the grace of the days when he had no further use for its aid than to see if the bank-notes he received in change were good.

My gentle fiend is always poor in the matter of shoes, but there is noticeable an attempt at polishing them which again bespeaks the gentleman in distress.

When I enter a place where he is I find him perusing the newspaper. He is a great reader, quite a literary person in fact, and he would as lief miss the drawing of the soup or stew lottery of each saloon he visits as not keep posted on the affairs of the day.

By knowing all about the massacre of the English at Cabul he is cock-sure of an invite from the Tom-gin Londoner who comes in promptly at twelve o'clock, and his acquaintance with the circumstance of the death of Baron Rothschild actually induced the proprietor of a Chatham street clothing emporium to stand a beer. The Israelitish gentleman went back to his emporium, it is true, and marked up the price of an overcoat ten cents, but with that we have nothing to do.

At eleven o'clock lunch is ready. The fiend does not make any hasty or undignified move. He calmly reads on as if oblivious to the fact. But he is not. After the first hungry battalion has retired from the attack he rises to his feet, saunters toward the door, and then turns in an easy, careless way always denoting the man whose time is his own.

It is then that he spies the lunch as if now for the first time, and he goes up to inspect it with the slow but steady step of death.

In another moment he is toying over a piece of bread and trifling with his soup. As the result of the toying and the trifling both disappear completely.

Now he is ready for the second place on the list, where they have beef stew. In the soup saloon he is sometimes dealt out the lunch when he hasn't played in at the bar, but when the savory stew is dispensed a rigid code is maintained.

It becomes necessary then to obtain either five cents or to run across an angel. Both angels and half-dimes are scarce in this work-a-day world, especially when you want them. It is sometimes so rough in this particular with my friend that even on the coldest days he is forced to contemplate the warm and smoky stew disappearing down the throats of those about him without his even being able to manage a plateful himself.

Was the position of Tantalus any worse than this? I feel sure that it was not. By a singular combination of disastrous circumstances this always happens when the stew that he likes best is the programme of the day, the mountainous mutton stew, with the red carrots casting a luminous glow over it.

But let us imagine the lunch fiend under happier auspices. Behold him, then, with a plate of the steaming compound in his hand!

Let him be ever so hungry and he will not forget the genteel style of eating. Others may gulp and bolt, but you can never tell that the lunch fiend is really enjoying the dish before him. And yet, God help him, the miserable repast may be his breakfast, dinner and supper combined.

He harpoons the bits of potato lazily and pursues the pieces of meat in a *diligente* style which means that he is really doing wrong in spoiling his appetite for dinner. He never fails to create this impression, and the more lunches he succeeds in coralling, the better and more naturally he can act the role.

The lunch harvest has to be reaped between about 1 A. M. and 2 P. M. There is no more until a hot midnight lunch is served in some down-town places.

When the dishes and soup-tureens are taken away the fiend disappears. He is really a part of the idea, and he becomes strangely out of place the moment all traces of the repast are removed and the saloon settles down to a strictly gin trade.

Where does he go? Let us follow him as he shambles down Frankfort street, and so find a miserable tenement in Rose street, one of whose wretched garret rooms he inhabits.

On the dirty window-sill are ranged bits of bread and cubes of cheese. He adds to this stock as he comes in, and contemplates it with complacency, and then throws himself upon the sickening apology for a bed.

This is the home of the lunch fiend. Fetid, clammy and close in the clam-chowder time of summer; biting cold, dreary and damp in the bean-soup days of winter.

Here he lives with remorse, rats and vermin, dreaming over his shattered past like a child contemplating a vase it had broken.

Every day he issues forth to obtain his food, the coat buttoned tight to the chin, the eye-glass twirling, the silk hat shining in the sun. He is an actor there playing his little part. It is hard work sometimes, and but scanty prizes are won. Still, taking one day with another, he fares not so badly. The saloons are his club, he has the papers, he is sure of lunch and a reasonable quantity of rum.

Some morning a busy, bustling man comes to inquire for him of the Dutch landlady. He don't speak of the fiend by name, but want's to know where the body is. It's his first and last visitor—the coroner!

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

MISS FLORENCE DAVENPORT is shortly to become Mrs. Harold Turo, of Philadelphia.

THE reigning star at the Chinese Theatre rejoices in the pretty name of Ti Can Sing.

J. J. SULLIVAN is now traveling with the Bartley Campbell "Galley Slave" combination.

MR. H. J. SARGENT is the sole representative of Mr. Dion Boucicault in all affairs dramatic.

THEY have a new theatre at Eureka, Nevada, that will hold 1,000 people, and has a stage 28x45 feet.

MR. F. C. BANGS played "Dan'l Druce" during the past week at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MISS MINNIE PALMER has been engaged to play Little Buttercup in "Pinafore" with Max Maretzek's opera company in Jersey City this week.

MR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON, the London manager, who is now in this country, states that his famous wife, Miss Lydia Thompson, will act no more.

MISS MODJESKA will retire from the stage at the termination of her present engagement, which has three years longer to run. She is now in Europe.

EARL DESART, husband of Lady Desart, who recently married Sugden, the London actor, after the earl had obtained a divorce, is now in this city.

MISS ROSA COOKE, a singer who has not been heard in America for years, has made an engagement for the coming season with John P. Smith's tourists.

"GAG the safe while I blow open the night clerk," said an excited actor in a burglary scene, in a play the other night in Kalamazoo. The audience smiled.

THE Boston Police Commissioners have refused to license a juvenile performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," because it is proposed to employ a large number of children.

MISS CAVENDISH has added the "Lady Clancarty" to her American repertoire. The play had a six month's run in London a few seasons ago, with Miss Cavendish in the title role.

A MINSTREL party, which left Rochester, N. Y., recently, is reported as camping out between Medina and Albion. When last heard from, the company were dining in a cornfield on roast potatoes, while the end-men acted as scouts, watching for the farmers.

MAX MARETZKE's English Opera Company will open in "Sleepy Hollow" at the New Academy of Music, in Jersey City, on October 27; in the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, November 3; at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, November 10; and at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, November 10.

A YOUNG blood who has been most terribly "mashed" on one of the beauties of the "Gold Mine" was all broken up on hearing from Charley Smith, of whom he asked an introduction, that she had shot three men in Leadville, fought two prize-fights, cut another girl with a razor in Chicago, and had a glass eye in the place of one that was punched out in a street brawl in Deadwood. This was wrong in Charley, but it is the only way to effect a cure.

THE young extra lady had not appeared in her place upon the stage on the preceding Saturday evening, and on the following Monday evening the stage manager inquired, in pronounced accents, how she had spent the interval of time. Dropping her eyelids with well-affected modesty, the fair being whispered that she had been married; to which the brutal stage manager replied: "Oh, all right! I don't object to that! Only the next time you have to be married from Saturday to Monday, let me know beforehand, and I will put another lady in your place."

A FEW changes are looked forward to in the theatrical world. Booth's Theatre will shortly pass out of the hands of the present management, and Mr. Grau's opera bouffe company will be installed there. The Fifth Avenue Theatre will then be leased for a short time by Mr. Perdicaris, who will bring forth his much-talked-of play, "The Picture," and also perhaps an adaptation from the French. The Standard Theatre had been apparently engaged by Mr. Bandmann and his managers for several months, but Mr. William Henderson is again in possession of the house.

MISS AUGUSTA DARBOON, who is now playing in Australia, is warmly praised by the journals of that colony. The critic of the Sydney *Echo* says of her Queen Elizabeth: "There has been nothing seen in this country to which it could be placed second, and every competent judge will have great difficulty in assigning a superiority to Ristori's performance of the same character in this city a short time ago. The English lady surpasses the Italian in the force and vigor of her elocution, in the expressive eloquence of her action and in the natural and deeply touching expression of her pathos."

BELLE HOWITT, the burlesque actress, was engaged for \$75 a week at the St. Louis Theatre Comique, to "play every day in the week at the usual performances and upon holidays, and finally she was to abstain from all intoxication, vulgarity and offensive conduct, observing strictly the rules and regulations of the house." These were the words of the contract. The managers have sued her for \$5,000 damages, on the ground, as stated in the complaint, that she was "guilty of disorderly and riotous conduct, rendering her totally unfit to perform her part, and injuring the credit and reputation of the establishment by her shameful conduct."

THE St. Louis *Times* gives a list of some of the reigning attractions: Never has the stage presented more popular and startling attractions than at the present time. John T. Raymond has just been involved in a smutty divorce suit; the ex-mistress of the King of Holland is en route here to sing in opera; Sara Bernhardt is coming as soon as she can give birth to her fourth illegitimate child; Fanny Davenport has married a man who is alleged to have been divorced especially for her sake; Mary Anderson's business manager has been shot by his mistress; Scott-Siddons has been divorced; Oates has wedded another husband. And so it goes, one after another, till one's head is fairly turned by the diversity and plenitude of good things in store. It's no wonder that theatrical managers all over the country are anticipating a profitable season.

MR. LESTER WALLACK has much reason to be gratified that "Contempt at Court" has been made a success by his magnificent company. Every member of the cast has made good his or her claim to rank as artists of the first class for having forced a success by superior acting. It is creditable to the throngs which fill the Wallack auditorium every night that the superior comedy talent of this house has been generally recognized, and that a mediocre stage production can be thus easily forced into popularity by superior dramatic ability. It will be readily conceded that "Contempt of Court" is not the class of play for itinerant actors and actresses

to meddle with. Rural theatre patrons are often misled by traveling parties who announce plays which have proved very successful in this city, but which disappoint sadly when presented by incompetents, and it is for this reason that visitors to New York should not fail to go to Wallack's and observe how splendidly an indifferent play impresses when interpreted by a magnificent company.

EXTRACT FROM COPY.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Office of the 1st Asst. P. M. General,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 21st, 1879.

POSTMASTER,
Rahway, N. J.,

SIR:—Complaint has been made that you are withholding letters addressed to M. A. Dauphin.

The simple fact that a letter is addressed to M. A. Dauphin does not, under the present ruling of the Department, warrant its detention at the mailing office.

Very Respectfully,
(Signed) JAMES H. MARR,
1st Asst. P. M. General.

SPORTING NOTES.

C. WATTEBSON defeated D. Thomas in a match at ten birds each, 28yds. rise, at Bergen Point, N. J., Oct. 21; score, 9 to 7.

TOXOPHOLITE, the sire of Bay Archer, Musket, Prince George and other celebrated horses, died recently at Lord Roslyn's place, Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Eng.

KING HEDLEY, an Apache Indian, ran a half mile race at the Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 15, for a purse of \$100. The race was easily won by Lo in 2m. 20yds.

A GLASS-BALL SHOOT took place at the Knox County Fair Grounds, Vincennes, Ind., Oct. 17, each man shooting at ten balls, and of the gentlemen, Messrs. Anton and Kirk, each killing all and dividing the purse of \$30.

BONNIE CARRIE, L. Hart's three-year-old filly who won the Clarendon Hotel stakes in Saratoga last summer, was killed, and Clemmie G., Charley Howard, Redding and Buckeye injured in a railroad accident in Ohio Oct. 23.

THE New York Archery Club practiced on their grounds, at Eighth avenue and Eighty-eighth street, on Oct. 25. Miss Morton excelled the rest of the ladies, who shot at 30 yards, and of the gentlemen, Messrs. Anton and Sutton made the best scores.

A SORT of review of fast trotting stock was held by General Grant at Oakland, Cal., Oct. 25, when St. Julian is reported to have trotted a full mile, without a skip or break, in 1:13yds. He was driven by Orrin Hickok. The time does not constitute a record.

As a means of preventing fraudulent practices, the Newmarket, Eng., Jockey Club propose to adopt rules for licensing jockeys, and prevent them from owning race-horses and betting on races; also for ruling off the course any person betting with a jockey.

THE Worcester, Mass., Base Ball Association will inaugurate a 75-hour contest at the Skating Rink, probably in a couple of weeks. Captain Halleck, manager of the late race, has offered his services free of charge to the association to manage the walk for them.

THE Phoenix Hill Bowling Club of Louisville, Ky., and the Indianapolis, Ind., Bowling Club No. 1, played a match contest at the latter city Oct. 20, in which the Indianapolis club completely and effectually vanquished their competitors. The following is the score: Indianapolis, 1,855; Louisville, 1,677.

A WRESTLING match took place at the Adelaide Street Rink, Toronto, Canada, Oct. 18, between D. C. Ross and J. C. Daly. The contest was said to be for \$500 a side and a gold medal, and consisted of five styles, the first being catch-as-catch-can, the second Cumberland, the third collar-and-elbow, the fourth Scotch and fifth Graco-Roman. Ross won the first, fourth and fifth falls in 9yds., 12m., and 24m., and Daly took the second and third falls in 2m. and 2yds. Powell Martin acted as referee.

A JUMPING-MATCH came off Oct. 19 between E. W. Johnston, the well-known athlete, and H. H. Smith, of Chicago, at Toronto, Canada. The contest was for \$100 a side, one standing wide-jump, without weight, to be jumped from a board placed on a level with the sod, each man to have five trials. Johnston, who was suffering from a sprained ankle, could only clear 10 ft. 3yds. in., while Smith cleared 10 ft. 5yds. in. at his second trial. Both J. C. Daly and R. N. Harrison have challenged Johnston for a contest, including running, jumping and heavy-weights.

THE fair heel-and-toe walk announced by Daniel O'Leary to take place at the Newark (N. J.) Rink, commencing on Monday, Nov. 3, bids fair to prove a success. Fred Englehardt, O'Leary's partner, has been there a week or more, and has had the Rink thoroughly overhauled and many improvements made. The entry-list is filling fast, and we hear that many of the best people of Newark are taking an active interest in the matter; and with the co-operation of the Newark Pedestrian Association and the several other amateur clubs, there is every probability that the event will be a notable one.

JERRY HAWKES, the well-known clever light-weight boxer, died in London, Eng., Oct. 8, after a long and severe illness, leaving a widow and children in destitute circumstances. Jerry was born at Farm street, Birmingham, in 1842, and his first fight was with Owen of Lambeth, whom he defeated for £10. He also fought and defeated Cross, Jimmy Moore, Morris of Westminster and Jem Collins. The last named fight occupied 3h. 10m., and Jerry landed a bet of £5 to £1 that he won without a black eye. His last public performance was a glove contest with George Dove at the Sadlers Wells Theatre, a couple of years ago.

THE sculling match for one thousand dollars a side, three miles with a turn, between James H. Riley and Wallace Row (the result of which was given in our past issue) was decided on the Thames, at Norwich Ct., on Monday afternoon, Oct. 20. Many had expected a very close race; but the result did not justify these anticipations, as Riley, who was in the better condition of the two, had a very easy race. Row went away with the lead, was about three length ahead at the end of a half mile; but then Riley began to overhaul him, and at the mile mark they were about level. The Saratogan now commenced to leave the St. Johner, and at the turn was ten seconds ahead, rowing the slower stroke. Riley now had the race safe, and he was content to keep a reasonable distance in front of his man, ultimately crossing the finish-line a scant two lengths ahead, in the rather slow time of 23m. 20yds. The water was fairly good, but there was a pretty stiff wind blowing. The crowd present included about one thousand strangers. The officials were: On the referee's boat—M. F. Davis for Riley, George Faulkner for Ross; at the turn—Richard McGarvey

for Riley, Wm. Nelson for Ross; at the finish—C. Mc Chesney for Riley, E. W. Rawson for Ross. Referee, E. C. Cook. Timekeeper, James B. Shannon.

ADVERTISING.

A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, met, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrotypes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRY HILL'S Gentlemen's Sporting Theatre, Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached, No. 23, 24, 26, 30 and 32 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round. Grand Sparring Match by first-class professionals, Male and Female, several times nightly. Great novelty entertainment on the stage, hitting the passing events of the hour and the topics of the men of day. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

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MAN'S MISSION on Earth.—A Popular Medical Treatise, clearly explaining the hidden causes which sap vitality and shorten the duration of life, with hints for the removal of the same, showing how overtaxed powers may be fully restored and obstacles to marriage overcome. By mail, 25 cents, currency or postage stamps. Address Secretary, Museum of Anatomy, Science and Art, 469 6th Avenue, New York City.

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"I AM NOT AFRAID OF INDIANS OR OF DEATH."—See Page 6.



A SINGULAR ACT OF SELF-DESTRUCTION—MR. WALKER SUSPECTING HIS WIFE OF INFIDELITY CONDEMNES
HER TO BE A HORRIFIED WITNESS OF HIS SHOCKING SELF-MURDER; DOG CREEK, KAN.—See Page 7.

